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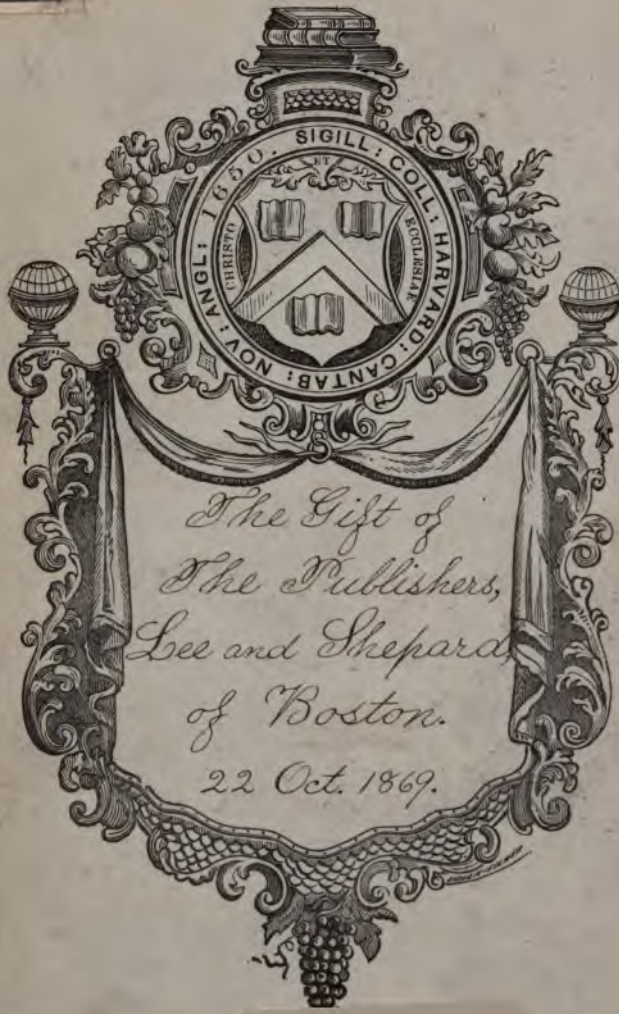
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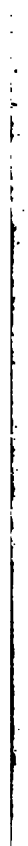
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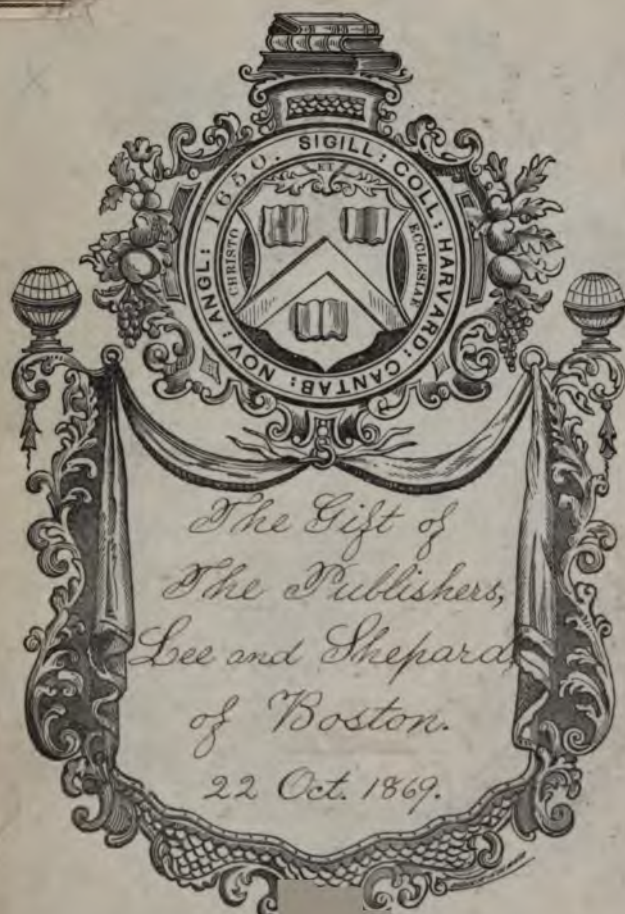
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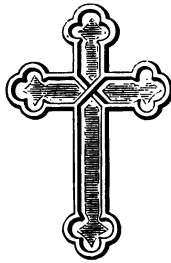
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LIVING THOUGHTS.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

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PREFATORY.



HOW is the soul oft strengthened and refreshed by the sincere utterances of devout minds! In preparing this volume, the compiler has sought to make such a selection of thoughts as will aid those who are striving to lead a Christian life. It has been a pleasant task to cull them from the writings of the earnest and the gifted. May they incite to many a good word and work, and lead to a closer union with Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

C. A. MEANS.

DORCHESTER.







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CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.



"I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live : yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." GALATIANS ii. 20.





CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

WHY should thought gravitate perpetually earthward, as if it were a senseless stone? Why should it grovel habitually amid the petty ambitions, self-assertions, personalities, passions, lusts, which form the moral mire through which our souls have so often to drag heavily their anxious way? A passage of Holy Scripture committed to memory; some sentence of a great author, consecrated by the recognition of ages; some lines of an ancient hymn, or, if you will, of a modern one,—these may give wings to thought. But for your own sakes, for God's sake, let your thought rise. Bid it, force it to rise. Think of the

face of Jesus; of your future home in heaven; of those revered and loved ones who have gone before you, and who beckon you on towards them from their place of rest in Paradise. Think of all that has ever cheered, strengthened, quickened, braced yourselves. In such thoughts, to such thoughts, Jesus will assuredly and increasingly reveal Himself. As He reveals Himself, thought will take a new shape; it will melt insensibly into the incense of a prayer that shall greet His presence.

An active, personal love of our Lord Jesus Christ makes the "seeking things above" a constant reality in the life of the soul. Without this love, all else that seems to be religious is hollow and vain. The love of Jesus consecrates and brings into a focus all earthly affection. It is the central feature, the controlling principle, the mainspring, the heart of a life which is risen from the grave of sin, and which is abidingly supernatural. It alone forms in us a real, personal, and practical religion; it alone generates the thoughts, the

feelings, the mental and moral habits of a being who will have to live forever in a higher world. May God vouchsafe of His great mercy to shed it abroad more and more in our hearts! May He, at last, when He beholds in us, not indeed our worthless merits, but His own most precious gifts, "be merciful to us, and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance"!

H. P. LIDDON.



FLING wide the portals of your heart ;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love and joy ;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer, come ! we open wide
Our hearts to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let us Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in us reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won !

WEISZEL.

WHAT a change came over all my heart when I learned, through Dr. Luther's teaching, that God is love — is our Father; that Christ is the Saviour, who gave Himself for our sins, and loved us better than life; that heaven is our Father's house; that holiness is simply loving God and loving one another; that the service we have to render is simply to give thanks and to do good, — when, as Dr. Luther said, that word "*our*" was written deeply in my heart; that for *our* sins He died, — for mine; that for all, for us, for *me*, He gave Himself!

And then Fritz told us how he had toiled and tormented himself to reconcile God to him, until he found, through Dr. Luther's teachings, that our sins have been borne away by the Lamb of God — the sacrifice, not of man's gift, but of God's; "that in that one person, Jesus Christ, we had forgiveness of sins and eternal life;" that God is to us as the Father to the prodigal son — entreating *us* to be reconciled to Him.

And he told us, also, how he had longed for a priest who could know infallibly all his heart, and secure him from the deceitfulness and imperfectness of his own confessions, and assure him, that knowing all his sin to its depths, with all its aggravations, he yet pronounced him absolved. And at last he had found that Priest, penetrating to the depths of his heart, tracing every act to its motive, every motive to its source, and yet pronouncing him absolved, freely, fully, at once; imposing no penance, but simply desiring a life of thanksgiving in return. "And this Priest," he added, "is with me always; I make my confession to Him every evening, or oftener, if I need it; and as often as I confess, He absolves, and bids me be of good courage — go in peace, and sin no more. But He is not on earth; He dwells in the holy of holies, which never more is empty, like the solitary sanctuary of the old temple on all days in the year but one. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

MRS. CHARLES.

FAITH is not what we feel or see ;
It is a simple trust
In what the God of Love has said
Of Jesus as " the Just."

The Perfect One, that died for me,
Upon His Father's throne
Presents our names before our God,
And pleads Himself alone.

What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea ;
It never deals with sinful self,
Or righteous self, in me.

It tells me I am counted " dead "
By God, in His own word ;
It tells me I am born again
In Christ, my risen Lord.

MISS NOBLE.

ABOUT this time, a shoemaker waited
upon Madame De Krudner, in compli-
ance with her orders. She allowed him to

take the measure, without looking at him ; but on his asking some question, she took her hand from before her eyes. His cheerful countenance seemed like a reproach to her depression. She answered him shortly, and relapsed into melancholy ; but, before long, she said to him, " My friend, are you happy ? " " I am the happiest of men," was the answer. She said nothing ; but the tone of his voice and his beaming look haunted her so that she could not sleep. She said to herself, " He is happy, the happiest of men, and I am the most miserable of mortals." She could not rest till she had sought him out. He was a Moravian ; and, with the simplicity which is characteristic of the sect, he preached Christ to her, — the crucified and risen One, — not in the words that man's wisdom teacheth, but with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. She felt that she was loved, and in place of the avenging God before whom she trembled, she saw Him who died for sinners. With all the fervor of a forgiven sinner, she

loved Him who first loved her. After tasting of the peace of God among the Moravians, she constantly associated with these simple Christians, and found among them what she could not find amidst the most brilliant circles of the world. She wrote to her friend, "O, my dear Armand, pray, pray like a child, if you are not yet in this blessed state; pray and entreat for this mercy which God grants us for the sake of his dear Son's love. It will sustain you, and make you feel that man can be happy neither in this world nor in the next without the faith that salvation is only to be had through Him. Religious truth is most simple and sublime; but human pride prefers reliance upon its wisdom to humbling itself: and how can man comprehend everything? 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' says the Saviour; 'Seek, and ye shall find.' Pray with an honest heart, and everything will become clear to you."

Sunday Magazine.

POOR child of sin and woe,
Now listen to thy Father's pleading voice ;
No longer need'st thou go
Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice.

I know thou canst not rest
Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free ;
Earth cannot make thee blest ;
Come, bring thy suffering, bleeding heart to Me.

How often, in the hour
Of weariness, would I have succored thee !
But thou didst spurn the power,
And scorn the heart that loved so tenderly.

Oh, what on earth appears
To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,
To dry thy bitter tears,
And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

Thy life of sin has been
A toilsome path, without one cheering ray ;
Now on thy Father lean,
And He will guide thee in a better way.

Come, leave the desert land,
And all the husks on which thy soul has fed,
And trust the faithful Hand
That offers thee a feast of living Bread.

O sinner, 'tis the voice
Of One who long has loved and pitied thee.
He would thy heart rejoice,
And set thee from all sin and suffering free.

Oh, canst thou turn away?
It is thy Father that invites thee near.
Nay, sinner, weep and pray;
And Heaven shall hail the penitential tear!

ELIZA F. MORRIS.

WHEN you read books upon the subject, you see a certain process assigned to a conversion, and in such a confident and authoritative way, too, that you are apt to conceive that this is the very process, and that there can be no other. I compare it with my own history, and my own recollections, and I am apt to be alarmed at the want of correspondence in a

good many particulars. Scott's "Force of Truth" is an example; Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," another; and last, though not least, the "Pilgrim's Progress." I pronounce them all to be excellent, and that there are many exemplifications, as they describe. But the process is not authoritative, nor is it universal. The Spirit taketh its own way with each individual, and you know it only by its fruits. I cannot say of myself that I ever felt a state of mind corresponding to John Bunyan's *Slough of Despond*. Indeed, I blame myself most sincerely, that I cannot excite in my heart a high enough conception of sin in all its malignity. I hope I have the conviction, but I cannot command the degree of emotion that I should like; and in the hardness of a heart not so tenderly alive as it ought to be to the authority of my Law-giver, and the enormity of trampling upon Him, I feel how far, and very far, I am at this moment from "the measure of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Now, what am I to infer from this?—that I have not yet surmounted the impassable barrier which stands betwixt me and the gate of life? So one would suppose from John Bunyan; and so I should suppose myself, were it not for the kind assurance of my Saviour, whose every testimony is truth, and every tone is tenderness. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." This is my firm hold, and I will not let it go. I sicken at all my own imperfect preparations. I take one decisive and immediate step, and resign my all to the sufficiency of my Saviour. I feel my disease, and I feel that my want of alarm and lively, affecting conviction forms its most obstinate ingredient. I try to stir up the emotion, and feel myself harassed and distressed at the impotency of my own meditations. But why linger without the threshold, in the face of a warm and urgent invitation? "Come unto me." Do not think that it is your office to heal one part of the disease, and Christ's to heal the remainder. He is the Captain of your sal-

vation, and I take Him as such. I plead His own promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I come to Him with my heart *such as it is*; and I pray that the operation of His Spirit, and the power of His sanctifying faith, would make it *such as it should be*. That abhorrence of sin which I now feel to be in a manner dead, I hope, through Him strengthening me, will be made to quicken and revive. Repentance is the gift of God; and I look to Him for the fulfilment of His gracious promise, that He who "hath given us His own Son will also with Him freely give us all things." I see that this Son is "exalted on high, to give repentance and the remission of sins," and I trust that that Being who has said, "Without me ye can do nothing," will enable me to "do all things in the name of Jesus." That very repentance which, in its gloomiest and most despairing form, is represented by some as an indispensable step to Jesus, I now see to be the daily and growing exercise of the renewed Christian — that my

abhorrence of sin is quickened by that very faith which protects from its terrors. In the deep and mysterious sufferings of Christ, I see the dreadful testimony of Heaven against it, and feel that it should be the daily prayer of Christians that they may be enabled to put out from among them that hateful thing for which our Saviour died.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

FATHER, replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine ;
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred, inmost shrine !
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares ;
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease.

O God the Son, Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour ;
Forgive, that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore.

Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed ;
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities !

O Holy Ghost, Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will ;
Come, with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil.
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun ;
Let me, with pure and quenchless fire,
Thy favor and Thyself desire.

ANGELUS.



ELIZABETH GURNEY began to be willing to walk in the peculiar path which many never find. It was still but the twilight. She only saw men like trees walking ; but the way of truth was chosen, the way of the world was disowned, the peculiar power of a heavenly Father's love began to be felt in the heart, she had entered, in short, upon her mission, and began, under the guidance of a power

which she did not yet understand, to prepare for the time when her name should be, what the Germans called it, "a word of beauty," or when there should be associated with it

"The freight of holy feeling which we meet
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein
they rest."

Long after this, however, it is instructive to notice how she continued to commit a common error, — we mean, to personify *Religion*, and trust to it, as if religion were the Saviour. According to this view, it is religion that is to guide us aright; it is religion that is to fit us for heaven; it is religion, in short, that is to save. Not Christ and His finished work; not the blood which cleanses from all sin, or the grace which is omnipotent; not the divine person, Jesus — Immanuel, God with us. Some extract, or compound, called Religion, is to do what Christ alone, in His omnipotence, can accomplish. Misled by this fondly-cherished error, long did Elizabeth Gurney linger in the

outer court, or about the porch of the Temple, instead of entering by Him who is the door ; and perhaps in the whole range of religious biography there is no greater or more instructive contrast than that which we find between this young woman, leaning upon religion, and the same person when she said, before her death, " Even in sleep I think the heart is lifted up ; it is, if I may venture to say it, living in communion with Christ — in Him. What should I be without Him ? "

A marked enlargement of spirit becomes visible from the time that she begins to see that her strength is treasured up in Christ. We actually see her sympathies expand ; we mark her step becomes more firm ; her joy is unspeakably greater from the hour that the Redeemer gets His place — the First, the Supreme, the Last. When she begins to ask her soul, about her twenty-eighth year, " Didst thou endeavor to look to Christ, who can do all things for thee ? " when she ventures, during the same year, to utter, with hesitation, the words, " There is one

remark I would make: that I believe it is through Christ we are saved,"—we see at once the explanation of past weakness and of future success; past weakness, for where, except in Christ, have we strength? future success, because in Christ we can more than conquer all. "Through heights and through depths, through riches and through poverty," she now prayed to be able to do the will of the Father; and she was heard. She was blessed and made a blessing.

Elizabeth Gurney, then, is now taken farther and farther into the pavilion of her Lord. Experience, she says, had taught her that "Christ in her soul, or His saving, anointing power, was indeed her only hope of glory." In doing and in suffering she is learning to "commit her cause to her gracious Helper, Saviour, and Redeemer, and fully to trust in Him;" and she will soon be like a polished shaft for His work! It is no longer a vague, impersonal power: it is union to the living One—such a union as taught her at length to say, "I am nothing; I

have nothing ; I am poor, naked, helpless ; I can do nothing ; but my Saviour is everything — all-sufficient ; my light, my life, my joy, my eternal hope of glory.” We need not marvel though such faith, employing powers and gifts such as this woman possessed, achieved great results, and spread her name as wide as the world is round.

And what was the secret of her power—that power which operated so like a charm? How did this woman succeed in taming so many civilized savages? how quell the riots of a prison-house? how bring order out of confusion? nay, more wondrous still, how, in one case at least, did she win the heart of a maniac, and produce results which appear to be well nigh fabulous?

The answer is easy : She was a woman of faith and of prayer, and while most energetic in the use of means, she never regarded the means as the end. As her work increased, so did her trust in her God ; and the recorded examples of her pleading for herself and others

teach us, in one point of view, not to wonder at her success. On a review of her perilous position, owing to her publicity, she once exclaimed, "Oh, the watchfulness required not to bow to man, not to seek to gratify self-love, but rather, in humility and godly fear, to abide under the humiliation of the Cross!"

She lived under the Cross. All her gifts, all her aspirations, and her ardor were consecrated to the Crucified One, and His strength was perfected in her weakness. There might be points in her creed, or peculiarities in her conduct, which all could not adopt. Granted. But her heart was knit to the Saviour, and that kept all right. She had known the abundance of riches, and experienced the difficulties of comparative privation; she had enjoyed to the full the blessedness of domestic life, and experienced some of its painful reverses; she had known — we speak upon her own authority — the abounding joy of the Lord, and been in depths which well nigh swallowed her up; she had experienced great exaltation, and as deep humiliation, among

her fellow-mortals ; she had been in deaths oft, and yet had many objects of affection spared to her. And what was the result? She herself replies : "It is even that the Lord is gracious and very merciful ; that His compassions fail not, but are renewed every morning." He held her up, and she was strong ; He blessed, and she conquered. Her life is like a deep-toned hosanna to Him who always causes His people to triumph.

We should present a very faulty portrait of Mrs. Fry, did we neglect to allude more emphatically than we have yet done to her extraordinary habits of prayer. Her earnestness, her pathos, and fulness in supplication were such, that she appeared as if she had been grasping Omnipotence ; and how could she but prosper? One example must suffice : "Be pleased to help Thy unworthy servant," she prays, "and preserve her from the many snares of the enemy ; let not the spirit of the world, or its applause, ever again entangle her, nor the reproach of any — not even of the good —

unduly discourage her ; but let her be increasingly Thine own, and at all times, at all seasons, and in every place, by whomsoever surrounded, give unto Thee the glory due unto Thy name, and worship Thee in the beauty of holiness ; and let neither heights nor depths, life nor death, nor any other thing, ever separate her from Thy love ; but enable her, O Lord, to glorify Thy great and ever-excellent name, with Thy beloved Son, Christ Jesus, our Lord." That is the spirit which makes man's life sublime ; that is the spirit which made Mrs. Fry so distinguished among the daughters of the fallen Adam, and which guided her to a place in glory, among the starry ones forever.

W. H. TWEEDIE.

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

Oh, may we gaze upon Thy cross
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light ; —

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

W. H. BATHURST.



IT will be well to remember—lest we should be needlessly discouraged, lest we should be ungrateful through ignorance—that Christian fruitfulness is a manifold and various thing. It is not all of one kind. One life is not meant to be exactly like another life. Each is cast in its own type ; and when the life is cast, the type, or mould, as has been said, is broken. Of

course it is broken, because it was composed in part of circumstances which never were before, nor ever can be again. Let *each* "planted" soul rejoice to feel rooted in Him! And then let each grow freely according to His will, not fearing, but gladly daring to branch, and blossom, and fructify, according to the law of individual life. The lily, the olive tree, the corn, the vine, the cedar, — all these are growing in God's garden, and there are room and dew for them all. The utilitarian Christian would say, "The lily! we cannot have that here; 'tis only a thing of beauty, as fleeting as it is fair. It gives little smell, it yields no fruit. It must be removed to make room for the corn." "Not so," saith the great Husbandman; "let the lily grow: it blooms for me. The beauty of that fair and delicate life is my beauty. These gentle ones, who cannot speak much, who cannot work much for me, who cannot endure much hardness, and who are constitutionally and by condition ill prepared to meet many of the roughnesses of life in my service, can yet

live truly to me in the places where they grow. Those parts of the garden are sheltered. I have planted them there, and there I will visit and protect them. Come, behold the lilies, *how* they grow! for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" And the tasteful and delicate Christian, coming up to the cedar, would say, "That cannot be here! It might adorn the wild wastes of nature, but it is *not* fit for the enclosure of grace. We must, at least, if it continues, lop off its branches, and cut away some of its roots, and try to soften its stony fibre, and teach it to grow more tenderly!" "Not so," again saith the great Husbandman; "I have room for the cedar too, soil for its roots, air for its highest branches, and uses for its hardness, and time to spare from immeasurable eternity for its thousand years of life. Let those rough, hard ones, who cannot shine in gentleness, who cannot weep in sympathy, who cannot yield in love, who, following the bent of their nature, can only grow up into strength, — let them

grow, let them vanquish the storms, and pass through the seasons of human life with but little visible change; let them flourish like palm trees, let them grow like the cedars in Lebanon; and the corn, and the vine, and the olive tree, each according to its nature, and yet all under the influence of grace. I have planted, and I will keep them all. I will be as the dew unto Israel." We are not only at liberty, but it is our duty, to put aside unused, models and plans of life and usefulness which are thrust on us by others. But if we do this in a spirit of loyalty to the Master, we shall be the more anxious to grow in what is to us the true "grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour." And if we are thus true to Him,—watchful, responsive, receptive, communicative, ready,—then will it matter but little in what department of the vegetable kingdom we find the best type and symbol of our life,—whether we are like the lily in its beauty, the olive tree in its greenness, the vine with its clusters, the corn with its bounteous burden, or the cedar with its shaggy

strength — the text will shed its benediction on us all. Our gracious God "will be as the dew unto Israel."

ALEX. RALEIGH.



"HALF feeling our own weakness,
We place our hands in Thine ;
Knowing but half our darkness,
We ask for light divine.

" Then, when Thy strong arm holds us,
Our weakness most we feel,
And Thy love-light around us
Our darkness doth reveal.

" Too oft, when faithless doubtings
Around our spirits press,
We cry, ' Can hands so feeble
Grasp such almightiness?'

" While thus we doubt and tremble,
Our hold still looser grows ;
While on our darkness gazing,
Vainly Thy radiance glows.

“ Oh, cheer us with Thy brightness, .
And guide us by Thy hand ;
In Thy light teach us light to see,
In Thy strength strong to stand.

“ Then, though our hands be feeble,
If they but touch Thine arm,
Thy light and power shall lead us,
And keep us strong and calm.”

IF, then, both in the works of God and in the Word of God we find that variety in unity is the prevailing law, shall we not expect to find the same feature in the church of God, which, quite as much as nature, quite as much as Scripture, is His workmanship, created anew “in Christ Jesus unto good works”? And this we do find. The members of the apostolic church had various gifts, the phenomena of which were different, some consisting in speaking with tongues, some in healing the sick, but all the results of the agency of one Spirit,

and all working together for the glory of one Saviour. But it may be said that the church of modern times is not furnished with the same organization as the early church; that extraordinary and miraculous endowments have altogether ceased. This is true; but it is true also that all these supernatural gifts rested on a natural basis, had something in the natural endowments of the possessor's mind corresponding to them, and serving as the nucleus for them. Thus, for example, corresponding to the gift of tongues, we find in some persons a great facility of acquiring languages; corresponding to the gift of prophecy, we find in others a natural gift of high and fervid eloquence; some persons, even nowadays,—though by no means original or brilliant,—have such a wonderful art of imparting what they know, that we can hardly be said to have lost the gift of teaching; others are admirably adapted for government—for the control of other wills, and the organization of philanthropic schemes; while even the gift of miracles itself—the most

supernatural of all—rests on the power of mind over matter; of which power we have exemplifications in a natural way nowadays.

But, even putting out of the question the capacities and endowments of the human mind, in which we find a variety as great as in the miraculous gifts, this we may certainly say—that the character and moral temperament of each individual Christian are different from those of his neighbor. So it was of old, and so it is still. In the notices of the apostles, and other early believers, God has sketched for us not only edifying pieces of biography, but prototypes of all Christians to the end of time. Thus St. John represents the contemplative and studious disciple. No single miracle is ever recorded as having been wrought by him; and in the outward spread of the gospel, although no doubt he did his work, he is not nearly so prominent a figure as St. Peter, and does not for a moment reach the world-wide celebrity of St. Paul. Very thoughtful men, who live much with themselves, are by

no means so influential with others as those who, vividly apprehending certain simple topics, go forth to proclaim them, without any profound reflection upon them. St. Peter governs with a firm hand, and with the now chastened and disciplined will which belongs to an impetuous temper; he is the great bulwark and rock of the church, breasting its perils and responsibilities gallantly, before St. Paul appears; Apollos is an eloquent declaimer, who blends to the best effect his knowledge of the Greek rhetoric with that higher knowledge in respect of which he is said to have been "mighty in the Scriptures;" Barnabas sheds around him, wherever he goes, the quiet, healing influence of a man felt to be good and full of faith; he has a still small voice of consolation for those upon whom the hand of God is heavy; Timothy has imbibed the lessons of piety with his mother's milk, and, being trained up as a child in the way he should go, has not departed from it as a young man; but he is somewhat timid and pliable, and exceedingly

apt to be moulded by a superior will; while Paul, in powers of physical and mental endurance, in the expansiveness of his affections, in his vivid appreciation of his own remarkable experience, is God's chiefest instrument for the diffusion of the glad tidings. These, if I may so express it, are some of the moulds in which Christian character was cast when Christianity first appeared, and in which we may expect that it will continue to be cast nowadays.

The types are strong types; still, although modern days may show somewhat feebler impressions of them, they are still the same, although less marked.

Now, in what has been said there is wrapped up both comfort for ourselves and a lesson of large charity towards others.

Let us not distress ourselves, either that we were not brought to God, or that we are not now serving God, in the same way as some others, who seem to be models of a very exemplary and exalted piety. Certain preachers, and still more, certain writers of religious

books, construct a sort of Procrustean framework as a model for all classes of real conversion, and intimate that, if you cannot accommodate your own experience to that stiff frame,—if you have never felt paroxysms of alarm at the threatenings of the law, or paroxysms of ecstasy at the announcements of the gospel,—your heart is not at this moment right with God. Nothing can be more erroneous philosophically, or more untrue scripturally. God's ways of influencing the human mind for good vary infinitely,—vary, first, with the original character of the mind on which the Holy Ghost has to operate; and, secondly, with the acquired shape which that mind has taken from the circumstances in which it has been thrown, and from its whole history and experience. On the same page of Scripture there is the record of two most remarkable conversions, as different from each other as any two processes of mind, leading to the same result, can by possibility be. Lydia, the purple-seller of Thyatira, became a Christian through the gentle opening

of the heart, as by the quiet river-side she attended to the things which were spoken by Paul. The Philippian jailer is converted, on the other hand, in a manner such as might be expected from the previous habits of ignorance and vice in which, we may reasonably suppose, he had been sunk. He is shaken with strong alarm, as if over the pit of hell, (nothing else would have broken bonds so firmly riveted,) and "he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Lydia experienced no such alarm, but only a gentle opening of the heart, peaceful as the undulations of the river; yet was she none the less a disciple of our Lord, and none the less dear to Him. The critical, all-important question for all of us is, whether we are indeed Christ's at present, and are following the lead of His Spirit; if so, how we were brought to Him, — whether by the quiet drawings of gratitude and love, or by the gradual growth of reflectiveness, and our experience

of life's hollowness, or by the trepidations of alarm, — is but of little moment.

And then, again, as to our method of serving Him. This must depend on our capacities, our endowments, the position which we providentially occupy, and the opportunities which it gives us. It may not be a high work, or a widely-influential work, which we are doing for God; but then it may not be a high work, or a widely-influential work, to which He has called us. We *may*, of course, be working *below* the measure of the gift which God has distributed to us, leaving the talent which our Master left with us unimproved, and not putting it out to the exchangers, so that at His coming He may receive His own with usury. That is a point to be looked to and carefully considered. But the mere brilliancy of the position occupied by another, or the brilliancy of the gifts which qualify him for that position, should never make us indulge in an unquiet longing to be or to do what God has not fitted us for, and which, therefore, He will never

require from us. If not called, and not fitted, (and the fitness is the evidence of the call,) we could not undertake such a thing without a most censurable presumption. "I would undertake to govern a hundred empires," said Dr. Payson, "if God called me to it; but I would not undertake to govern a hundred sheep unless He called me."

A lesson of large charity to others is to be learned from what has been said. We ought, if rightly minded, to rejoice in the exuberance and variety of the spiritual gifts possessed by Christians, just as we delight in the rich variety of nature, or in that of the Word of God. There are many lines of thought in religion, many forms which practical and personal piety takes, although, of course, they are all animated by the same essential principles. St. John and St. Paul were both equally devoted to the cause and person of our Lord; yet no two men ever existed who manifested this devotion in shapes more different. Both these members held of the Head by a living union, but they

discharged for the Head functions altogether different. Let us not conceive of all genuine religion as moving in one groove of feeling and practice, and refuse to acknowledge any man as a Christian because he does not run upon our own particular groove. It seems to be God's plan and purpose, that each individual Christian should exhibit, in the peculiarity of his circumstances, education, moral temperament, and mental endowments, a new specimen of redeeming love and grace. By various discipline here He fits and polishes each living stone for the place which it is destined to occupy in the spiritual temple; and when all the stones are made ready, He will build them together each into his place, and exhibit to men and angels their perfect unity.

E. M. GOULBURN.

EACH form of loveliness, each fair creation,
Hath yet a type more true and brighter far,
And we must trace in all the dim relation,
And what they might be, learn from what they are.

Thus every character, whate'er its sweetness,
Is but a fruit all blighted and unripe,
Still ever striving towards its own completeness,
Still ever yearning towards its highest type.

And only as we know and love them duly,
As buds and promise of a fairer growth,
Shall we learn how to weigh and prize them truly,
And trace the true unto the highest truth.

Though lost and fallen is our perfect being,
Its beauty 'mid its ruins we may see ;
And strive we still, the far completeness seeing,
To reach once more the highest we can be.

And strive we, following in our love and duty,
Him who doth noblest, truest, purest shine,
Who raised our human to its highest beauty,
By blending with it His own bright divine.

L.

DOES your soul regard earthly things as
the highest, and the business which re-
lates to them as your weightiest employment?
Then is your soul like the waves of the sea,

which are driven and blown by the wind ; it is given up to eternal disquiet and transient change. For manifold and varied are earthly things, and whoever gives himself up to their dominion, his soul is dragged hither and thither, in all directions, by hope and fear, by joy and sorrow, by desire for gain and by pain at loss. And how should the grace of the Lord and His peace make their dwelling in such a disturbed soul? O my friends, whatever earthly calling may be allotted to us, — however spiritual in its functions, however blessed in its effects, — if its employments drive us forward in breathless haste upon life's path ; if we think that we can never find time to stand still and to think where we are and whither we will go, and to reflect on the heavenly and eternal concerns of our immortal souls ; if prayer has lost its power, and the divine word its charm for us, — then we have cast away our life upon a fearful error, upon a fleeting dream ; then are we, with all our apparent richness in bodily and spiritual goods,

really poor — very poor. We have, like Martha, much care and trouble; but the highest good, which alone gives to our life its worth and significance, is wanting.

JULIUS MÜLLER.



“**B**E faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.” For he that is warm to-day and cold to-morrow, zealous in his resolution and weary in his practices, fierce in the beginning and slack and easy in his progress, hath not yet well chosen what side he will be of; he sees not reason enough for religion, and he hath not confidence enough for its contrary; and therefore he is, as St. James calls him, “of a doubtful mind.” For religion is worth as much to-day as it was yesterday, and that cannot change, though we do; and if we do, we have left God: and whither he can go that goes from God, his own sorrows will soon enough instruct him. This fire must never go out, but it must be

like the fire of heaven ; it must shine like the stars ; though sometimes covered with a cloud, or obscured by a greater light, yet they dwell forever in their orbs, and walk in their circles, and observe their circumstances, but go not out by day nor night, and set not when kings die, nor are extinguished when nations change their government. So must the zeal of a Christian be a constant incentive of his duty ; and though sometimes his hand is drawn back by violence or need, and his prayers shortened by the importunity of business, and some parts omitted by necessities and just compliances, yet still the fire is kept alive ; it burns within when the light breaks not forth, and is eternal as the orb of fire or the embers of the altar of incense.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



S AID I not so — that I would sin no more ?
Witness, my God, I did ;
Yet I am run again upon the score :
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? — Make vows and break them still?

'Twill be but labor lost ;

My good cannot prevail against mine ill :

The business will be crost.

Oh, say not so ; thou canst not tell what strength

Thy God may give thee at the length.

Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,

Thy God will pardon all that's past.

Vow while thou canst ; while thou canst vow, thou
mayst

Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,

Whilst He permits thee but to call.

Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows ; and if thou break them, weep.

Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again :

Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again

I vow to mend my ways ;

Lord, say Amen,

And Thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

KNOWLEDGE of God's will is not had at once, cases of conscience are not settled at once, nor is the ability to overcome derived at once. The conversion is the new birth ; but to be born is not to be the man complete in feature and in mind, which groweth out of knowledge, experience, discipline of youth, observation of life, and the thousand appointed steps between the almost unconscious babe and the accomplished man. Even so the new birth is but the first germ of religion in the soul, which hath to be cherished, nursed, guarded, trained, and taught by methods and means of grace as manifold as natural strength is reared by. Therefore, so that your souls are longing after God, your ears drinking in His counsel, your feet moving — though faint, still moving — in the path, be of good cheer ; go on and prosper. Nay, so that you are losing conceit of sin by reason of better conceptions, and waxing in fear of future issues, and meditating your mortality more, it is symptomatic

of good ; go on and prosper. Despair not because you are not perfect, neither turn back because you frequently fall.

And, ye advanced Christians, do not despise this day of small things in a younger brother, neither go to impose on him all your burdens, nor to minister to him the strongest meat which you feed on ; but give God-speed to any endeavor after good, however small. His very aspirations despise not, his imperfections do not sorely rebuke. Strengthen the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees confirm. Strengthen by encouragement and support ; do not by rebuke and censure drive him to distraction.

EDWARD IRVING.

—♦—

PERFECTION is our mark : yet never will the aim be so true and steady as to strike the golden centre. Perfection of character, yet even to the dying hour, it will be but this : "I count not myself to have apprehended." Christian life is like those questions in mathematics which never can be exactly

answered. All you attain is an approximation to the truth. You may labor on for years and never reach it; yet your labor is not in vain. Every figure you add makes the fraction nearer than the last to the million millionth; and so it is with holiness. Christ is our mark — the perfect standard of God in Christ. But be as holy as you will, there is a step nearer, and another, and another, and so infinitely on.

Perfection is being, not doing; it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. If the aim of life were to do something, then, as in an earthly business, except in doing this one thing, the business would be at a stand-still. The student is not doing the one thing of student-life when he has ceased to think or read. The laborer leaves his work undone when the spade is not in his hand, and he sits beneath the hedge to rest. But in Christian life, every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing of *becoming* Christ-like. Every day is full of a most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which

can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and the rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. Nay, the very vicissitudes of the seasons, day and night, heat and cold, affecting us variably, and producing exhilaration or depression, are so contrived as to conduce towards the being which we become, and decide whether we shall be masters of ourselves, or whether we shall be swept at the mercy of accident and circumstance, miserably susceptible of merely outward influences. Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to saintly character; and he who has not found out how, directly or indirectly, to make everything converge towards his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of his life.

Christian progress is only possible in Christ. It is a very lofty thing to be a Christian; for a Christian is a man who is restoring God's likeness to his character; and therefore the apostle

calls it here a high calling. High as heaven is the calling wherewith we are called. But this very height makes it seem impracticable. It is natural to say, All that was well enough for one so transcendently gifted as Paul to hope for ; but I am no gifted man, I have no iron strength of mind, I have no sanguine hopefulness of character, I am disposed to look on the dark side of things, I am undetermined, weak, vacillating ; and then I have a whole army of passions and follies to contend with. We have to remind such men of one thing they have forgotten. It is the high calling of God, if you will ; but it is the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. What the world calls virtue, is a name and a dream, without Christ. The foundation of all human excellence must be laid deep in the blood of the Redeemer's cross, and in the power of His resurrection. First, let a man know that all his past is wrong and sinful ; then let him fix his eye on the love of God in Christ loving him, even him, the guilty one. Is there no strength in that ? no power in the

knowledge that all that is gone by is gone, and that a fresh, clear future is open? It is not the progress of virtue that God asks for, but progress in saintliness, empowered by hope and love.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

SHALL these feet of mine, delaying,
Still in ways of sin be found,
Braving snares, and madly straying
On the world's bewitching ground?

No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin ;
No, I must not, dare not, stifle
Longings such as these within.

Swiftly moving, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne ;
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.

Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

Then no longer, idly dreaming,
Shall I fling my years away,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for the eternal day.

H. BONAR.



THE salvation of the soul implies that a man is brought into harmony with himself. His powers are no longer in conflict. A perpetual calm has been breathed over them. A peace which passeth all understanding has taken the place of an unnatural conflict. Reason and conscience have resumed their lost honors, and the fires of unrestrained passion have gone out forever. In recovering the image of its Maker, the soul enjoys a sweet and holy fellowship with itself, a serene composure, which is only the harbinger of the perfect peace of heaven.

The recovery of the soul implies, also, its admission into the society of all which is noble and good. The saints on earth and all the dead but *one* communion make.

It is not only encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses,—it is itself one of these witnesses. It has become a part of the great commonwealth of the living and the blessed dead. When it partakes of the spirit of angels, it shares in their sweet ministries of grace, and will triumph evermore in their blissful society. It is drawn upward, not alone by its own impulses, or by the power of its Redeemer's arm, but by the consciousness of its glorious companionship, by the encouraging voices which greet the still struggling spirit.

Once more, the salvation of the soul implies that it is brought into a state of perpetual thankfulness to its Redeemer. In its endless progress, this, probably, is its absorbing motive—gratitude to Him to whom it owes its deliverance, admiration of His power and love. This awakens its profoundest thought and its loudest anthem. It has become a part of its consciousness, as indestructible as its own glorified nature.

A few years ago there lived a pagan, who

was called the Napoleon of South Africa. He was a man of talent, but seemed to be the incarnation of evil. Travellers were more afraid of meeting him than of all the other dangers to which they were exposed. At length he became such a terror for a great distance around, that a large sum was offered to any individual who would destroy him. Yet, when the Saviour passed that way, by His word and His Spirit, this ferocious savage put on the gentleness of the lamb. He became as docile and as quiet as a little child; for many years the bond and centre of union to British subjects, as well as to the native tribes, a pattern of meekness, of Christian zeal, and of a noble disinterestedness. His thankfulness to the Saviour was expressed a thousand times, and in the simplest and most affecting terms. All who saw him, in life and in death, took *knowledge* of him that he had been with Jesus.

About two hundred years ago there lived at Paris an individual of the highest order of genius, who touched every subject which he

undertook with the hand of a master — one of the few men equally at home in moral and mathematical truth; one of the few men the summer of whose life fully corresponded to the brilliant promises of spring. And yet that which struck every beholder was his calm resignation under intense and long-continued pain; the child-like simplicity of his character, humble and submissive as an infant; and his counting all things loss — earthly honors in their most attractive forms — for the sake of Christ. Few have ever had on earth so much of the love and spotless purity of heaven as the illustrious Pascal.

Here, now, are two men at the two extremes of society, — a philosopher of noble descent, in the most refined capital of Europe, and a poor savage in the wilds of Africa, — both alike in moral character, both distinguished by the same sweet simplicity and affectionate love to the Redeemer. Was there not joy among the angels at their conversion? Yes, more than that: in the Saviour's heart there was joy un-

utterable as He saw such monuments of the power of His grace, such fruits of His suffering on the cross. Count up, now, the almost countless numbers who have stood in the long distance between the uncultivated pagan and the Pascals and Newtons of Europe, in every order of intellect, in every variety of outward condition. Estimate the throngs who shall grace the Saviour's triumph when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and behold the fulfilment of the inspired promise, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." Measure, if you can, the tides of joy which shall flow through the Redeemer's breast forever.

B. B. EDWARDS.



BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given.
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.

WE should endeavor not to be distressed about anything, but to take every event for the best. I apprehend this to be a duty, and the neglect of it to be a sin. For, in truth, the reason why sin is sin, is merely because it is contrary to the will of God. If, therefore, the essence of sin consists in having a will con-

tradictory to the known will of God, it seems clear to me, that when He discovers His will to us by events, we sin if we do not conform ourselves to it.

True piety, which only receives its completion in heaven, is, nevertheless, so replete with consolations, that they fill its beginning, its progress, and its crown. It is a light so resplendent, that it brightens everything which belongs to it. If some grief be intermixed with it, especially at its commencement, this proceeds not from ourselves, and not from virtue ; for it is not the effect of that piety which has been begun in us, but of that impiety which still remains. Root out impiety, and your joy will be unalloyed. Let us not, therefore, ascribe this sadness to devotion, but to ourselves ; and let us only expect relief in our own sanctification.

What is past ought to give us no uneasiness, except that of regret for our faults. And what is to come ought still less to affect us, because it is nothing with regard to us now, and per-

haps we shall never live to see it. The present is the only time which is properly ours; and we ought to use this in conformity to the will of God. To this our thoughts should be principally directed. Yet the world is generally so restless, that men scarcely ever think of the present time, and the instant they are now actually living, but of those in which they are to live; so that we are always in a disposition to live in future, but never to live now. Our Lord hath not chosen that our foresight should extend beyond the day that is present. These are the limits which He requires us to observe, both for the sake of our salvation and for our own repose.

PASCAL.

DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

“Day by day,” the promise reads ;

Daily strength for daily needs :

Cast foreboding fears away ;

Take the manna of to-day !

Lord, our times are in Thy hand ;

All our sanguine hopes have planned

To Thy wisdom we resign,

And would mould our wills to Thine.

Thou our daily task shalt give ;

Day by day to Thee we live ;

So shall added years fulfil

Not our own, our Father's will.

Oh, to live exempt from care,

By the energy of prayer,

Strong in faith, with mind subdued,

Glowing yet with gratitude !

CONDER.



“**I** THINK the pain you have recently felt, dear Anna, is meant to reveal to you that a separate, independent will — a will unsubdued to God's will — still lives within you.

"I know you have long since received the will of God as your law, and have made obedience to those written commands in which His will is expressed the only rule of your life: without some such submission of your own natural will as this implies, you could never have become a true servant of God. But God teaches His faithful servants ever deeper and deeper lessons concerning the surrender of the will, and in this way He prepares His people for the communication of that abundance of peace which it is His good pleasure to bestow upon them. When God is teaching us lessons on this subject, dear Anna, we begin to see that *circumstances*, as well as commands, are but an expression of His will. We then feel that no outward thing can really hinder us. A vexatious interruption to duty we perceive to be a contradiction in terms. If we have ever formed to ourselves an ideal of moral dignity and beauty, after which we have sought to model our life, and which we have thus desired to realize for its own sake, and without

reference to the will of God for us,—then we shall surely find ourselves disappointed, balked, and baffled. Let us thank God and take courage when it is so with us; let us take the full comfort of this *fact* — that we are ‘servants,’ and have really no work of our own to do — nothing which we are striving to accomplish *on our own account*. We have no selfish schemes which circumstances may thwart, we acknowledge no selfish hopes which they may destroy. It is blessedness indeed to have accepted for our only portion that His will should be done in us, and for us, and by us, forever !”

Anna, or Passages from Home Life.



JUST as God leads me I would go :
I would not ask to choose my way ;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So, as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take —
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content ;
I rest me calmly in His hands :
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil,
That I should do His gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign ;
I trust me to my Father's will :
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil ;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light, —
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true :
His strength is ever by my side ;
Can aught my hold on Him undo ?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars keen ;
God does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen,
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still,
My trembling footsteps guiding.

LAMPERTIUS.

WHEN all that separated from God is taken away,—when every inordinate desire has undergone the process of excision, so as to be reduced into its place, and to be put into entire position and agreement with the one great and overruling desire of conformity to God's will,—then begins the new life, in the higher sense of the term. The soul no longer possesses anything which it calls its own, but may rather be spoken of as a *subject*, and, instead of possessing, may be said to be *possessed* by another ; God Himself comes to it, and dwells in it, as in His holy temple. It is not

only obedient to God (which is a high state of grace) even when it costs considerable effort to render obedience, but its obedience is rendered in such a manner, so promptly and so lovingly, that God may be said to be *its life*. The soul has become nothing in itself; but it has gained all things *out of itself*. Disrobed of the life of nature, it is clothed with the life of grace. It has lost the inspiration and life of the creature, but it has gained the life of God.

And now all that has God in it (and there is nothing which has not God in it, *except sin*) is its delight. The sky expands with a purer beauty; the flower opens with a sweeter fragrance; in the forest and on the river's banks it finds food for contemplation and holy love; it rejoices with those who rejoice, and weeps with those who weep; it is young and buoyant with the child, and wise and reverent with the aged; everything in human life is dear to it; it pities and forgives its enemies; like Him who is embodied in it, it does good to the evil and unthankful; tears are dried at its approach,

and smiles bloom like roses at the presence of its loveliness.

Those who have never experienced the transformations of thoroughly sanctifying grace know but little of the purity, the peace, and the blessedness of such a soul. It has but little to say of itself; it has no dreams, no visions, no ecstasies. We mean to say, that it makes no account of them separate from God. It lives by faith, and not by sight. *Believing*, it asks nothing more. Its new life is all natural to it—a life which lives and acts of *itself*, without calculation and without effort. It is humble without knowing or speaking of its humility; it is divinely wise without analyzing its wisdom; it is full of kindness and love, apparently without any consciousness how kind and loving it is. It worships God even without formally thinking of God, because *the kingdom of God is within it*.

UPHAM'S *Life of Madame Guyon*.

“ **O** FOR a heart of calm repose,
Amid the world’s loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore !

“ Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart ;
Oh, make that blessing mine !

“ Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air !

“ Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace !
That victory make me win !
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.”



HEAR the testimony of one who for the
best part of fourscore years had lived
an earnest Christian life : “ I have heard some

say that 'worlds would not tempt them back to tread again life's dreary waste.' Such language is not for me. I should not shrink from the proposal of repetition. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' My duties have not been burdening and irksome. My trials have been few, compared with my comforts. My pleasures have been cheap and simple, and therefore very numerous. I have enjoyed, without satiety, the seasons and the sceneries of nature. I have relished the bounties of providence, using them with moderation and thankfulness. I have delighted in the means of grace; unutterable have been my delights in studying and perusing the Scriptures. I have seldom been without hearing of some instance of usefulness from the pulpit or the press. I have a better opinion of mankind than I had when I began my public life." Compare the dissenting minister with Beau Brummell — the one taking God's way of it, the other always taking his own; the fop always scrambling after costly enjoy-

ments, and finding them apples of Sodom in his grasp; the contented Christian avowing, "My pleasures have been very numerous, for they were cheap and simple;" the self-centred exquisite leading a life of perpetual envy, and vindictiveness, and spleen; the unambitious and cheerful man of God radiating on others his own bright, devout, and hopeful feelings, and so ending with an improved opinion of mankind; whilst the disappointed worldling finished off by saying that rather than save a man he would rescue a drowning dog.

To dwell on high is happiness. You may think Mr. Jay might well be cheerful, for he was healthy and active, and free from all ailment. Hear, then, what Dr. Arnold says of his sister, long the victim of hopeless disease: "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit and power of love, and of a sound mind—intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about her-

self; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work."

JAMES HAMILTON.

GOD only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Oh, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above :
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.

F. W. FABER.

PROVISION is made in the Scriptures for meeting the peculiar sentiment which the Christian's conjoined faith in the unseen world, and ignorance of its condition, engender. And, as matter of fact, the dying expressions of multitudes of the faithful, in every age, have exemplified the fitness of this provision to the occasion. If a solemn renewal of repentance is proper to the hour of death, if an explicit and fervent challenge of the divine mercy is proper to it, these acts are not enough to impart confidence and joy, or even

always a settled tranquillity. The palpitating heart must appropriate the *personal affection* of the Redeemer to His people. *This appropriation* is the secret of dying. The human mind, when once thoroughly occupied by a benign affection, specially fixed upon its object, can meet any danger, can brave any dismay. History abounds with illustrations of this fact. Men, nay, women, thus animated, have forgotten all fear, and carried themselves through fields of death as calmly as if they had none but an ethereal frame. If we analyze our emotions on any occasions of this sort, we shall find that if, at any time, a steady courage has borne us with force, and animation, and cheerfulness, through hours of imminent peril, it has been when we have had to act on behalf of those most dear to us, or when the welfare of such has depended altogether upon our conduct. Even the martial courage of the field (if it be more than animal bravery) is constituted on the same principle, and would be nothing if stripped of its affections.

Those who would blame, as enthusiastic or presumptuous, the fervors and speciality of devout affection, such as eminent Christians have expressed in their dying moments, know nothing of Christianity beyond the bare story they read in the Gospels, and nothing of human nature (or of human nature as affected by religion) beyond what belongs to the servile sentiments of a Pelagian faith (better called distrust). If multitudes of those who receive Christian burial, because they have received Christian baptism, die joyless, and disappear from the upper air as if sinking in a stagnant pool, it is not the fault of Christianity. Christianity meets us where we most of all need its aid, and meets us, too, with the very aid we need. It does not tell us of the splendors of the invisible world, but it does far better, when, in four words, it informs us that to loosen from the shore of mortality is to be with Christ.

This is precisely the assurance which the occasion demands, for it not only quickens the devout affections, but it fixes them on their

object. Whoever has truly admitted the emotions peculiar to Christian faith desires nothing more than is conveyed in this pregnant phrase. All security and all joy are comprised in the idea of beholding and of approaching the Son of God,—the Son of Man,—now exercising universal dominion, and especially ruling the world of spirits. “If I go, I will come again, and receive you to myself.” This and some parallel expressions, though they have a primary reference to a future signal event, may, on no very slender grounds, be interpreted as conveying a promise to *individuals*, as if the “Shepherd of the sheep” were wont *in person* to meet the new-coming spirit, at its entrance upon the realms of peace. Be it so or not, it is clear that the faithful are authorized to entertain the well-defined hope—the hope of the heart, if the heart be indeed renewed—of coming, at death, into the sensible presence of the Saviour. What is the dread or reluctance of nature, if the Christian, in closing his eyes upon the world, can fix them on

the divine Deliverer, and say, "Thou wilt show me the path of life"?

ISAAC TAYLOR.

HOLY JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
There forever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King !

W. C. DIX.

AT Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose: "Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for

me ; and let him know that I have considered that God only is what he would be, and that I am, by His grace, become now so like Him as to be pleased with what pleaseth Him ; and tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health ; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found, and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, " Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected, poor soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than

the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," of which Mr. Farrer would say, "There was in it the picture of a divine soul on every page, and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety."

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert,—which was about three weeks before his death,—his old and dear friend, Mr. Woodnot, came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergymen that lived near to him, especially by his friends the bishop and prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury, but by none more devoutly than by his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay, to whom he would

often speak to this purpose : " I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them ; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark ; and I praise God I am prepared for it ; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it, and that I have practised mortification, and endeavored to die daily, that I might not die eternally ; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain ; and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it : and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem ; dwell there with men made perfect ; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with Him see my dear mother, and all my

relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past." These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it.

The Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his bed, or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said, —

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee;
And every string
Shall have His attribute to sing."

And, having tuned it, he played and sang, —

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

Thus he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he and Mr. Farrer now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death, and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter ; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he made answer, saying, "They be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

IZAACK WALTON.

MY God, I know that I must die :
My mortal life is passing hence ;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence.

Then teach me, by Thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God, I know not *when* I die,
What is the moment or the hour,
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower ;
Then may Thy child preparéd be,
Through time, to meet eternity.

My God, I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come, —
In dark, mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some ;
Just as Thou wilt, if but it be
Forever blesséd, Lord, with Thee.

My God, I know not *where* I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand ;
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by Thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

My gracious God, when I must die,
Oh, bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share Thy glory and Thy love!
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.

B. SCHMOLK.

6





THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.



"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." — JOHN xv. 8.





THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LOVE is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. Love descends, not ascends. The might of a river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the inexhaustibleness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds. The greater mind cleaves to the smaller with more force than the other to it. A parent loves the child more than the child the parent, and partly because the parent's heart is larger, not because the child is worthier. The Saviour loved His disciples infinitely more than His disciples loved Him, because His heart was infinitely larger.

Love trusts on — ever hopes and expects better things; and this a trust springing from itself, and out of its own deeps alone.

It is this *trusting* love that makes men what they are trusted to be, so realizing itself. Would you make men *trustworthy*? Trust them. Would you make them true? Believe them. This was the real force of that sublime battle-cry which no Englishman hears without emotion. When the crews of the fleet of Britain knew that they were *expected* to do their duty, they *did* their duty. They felt in that spirit-stirring sentence that they were trusted; and the simultaneous cheer that rose from every ship was a forerunner of victory — the battle was half won already. They went to serve a country which expected from them great things: and they *did* great things. Those pregnant words raised an enthusiasm for the chieftain who had thrown himself upon his men in trust, which a double line of hostile ships could not appall, nor decks drenched in blood extinguish.

And it is on this principle that Christ wins the hearts of His redeemed. He trusted the doubting Thomas, and Thomas arose with a faith worthy "of his Lord and his God." He would not suffer even the lie of Peter to shake His conviction that Peter might love Him yet; and Peter answered to that sublime forgiveness. His last prayer was extenuation and hope for the race who had rejected Him; and the kingdoms of the world are become His own. He has loved us,—God knows why; I do not,—and we, all unworthy though we be, respond faintly to that love, and try to be what He would have us.

Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness. Oh, strive to enter into something of that large, celestial charity which is meek, enduring, unretaliating, and which even the overbearing world cannot withstand forever. Learn the new commandment of the Son of God—not to

love, but to love *as He loved*. Go forth in this spirit to your life-duties : go forth, children of the Cross, to carry everything before you, and win victories for God by the conquering power of a love like His.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe ;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten, —
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

MISS WINSLOW.



O DIVINE love—the sweet harmony of souls ; the music of angels ; the joy of God's own heart ; the very darling of His bosom ; the source of true happiness ; the pure quintessence of heaven ; that which reconciles the jarring principles of the world, and makes them all chime together ; that which melts men's hearts into one another ! See how St. Paul describes it, and it cannot choose but enamour your affections towards it : " Love envieth not, it is not puffed up, it doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not

easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." I may add, in a word, it is the best-natured thing, the best-complexioned thing, in the world. Let us express this sweet, harmonious affection in these jarring times; that so, if it be possible, we may tune the world into better music. Especially in matters of religion, let us strive with all meekness to instruct and convince one another. Let us endeavor to promote the gospel of peace, the dove-like gospel, with a dove-like spirit. This was the way by which the gospel at first was propagated in the world: Christ did not cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets; a bruised reed He did not break, and the smoking flax He did not quench; and yet He brought "forth judgment unto victory."

Sweetness and ingenuity will more command men's minds than passion, sourness, and severity; as the soft pillow sooner breaks the flint than the hardest marble. Let us follow truth in love; and of the two, indeed, be contented

rather to miss of the conveying of a speculative truth, than to part with love. When we would convince men of any error by the strength of truth, let us withal pour the sweet balm of love upon their heads. Truth and love are the two most powerful things in the world, and when they both go together they cannot be easily withstood. The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.

Let us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and His gospel which is nothing else but our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to consume those that differ a little from us in their apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning (which the philosophers speak of) that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth

not the body. True zeal is a loving thing, and makes us always active to edification, and not to destruction. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doth any hurt: it only warmeth, quickeneth, and enliveneth us; but if once we let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh, and kindle our corrupt nature, and set the house of our body on fire, it is no longer zeal — it is no heavenly fire; it is a most destructive and devouring thing. True zeal is a soft and gentle flame, that will not scorch one's hand; it is no predatory or voracious thing: but carnal and fleshly zeal is like the spirit of gunpowder set on fire, that tears and blows up all that stands before it.

RALPH CUDWORTH.

WHO keepeth not God's word, yet saith,
I know the Lord, is wrong;
In him is not that blessed faith
Through which the truth is strong;

But he who hears and keeps the word
Is not of this world, but of God.

He is in God, and God in him,
Who still abides in love ;
'Tis love that makes the cherubim
Obey and praise above ;
For God is love ; the loveless heart
Hath in His life and joy no part.

C. F. GELLERT.



THERE are, no doubt, times when joy is impossible. When the heart is broken it cannot be "merry." But it is necessary for some people to remember that cheerfulness, good spirits, light-heartedness, merriment, are not unchristian nor unsaintly.

We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the songs of birds on a May morning. There is no more religion

in the gaunt, naked forest, in winter, than in the laughing blossoms of the spring and the rich, ripe fruits of autumn. It was not the pleasant things in the world that came from the devil, and the dreary things from God; it was "sin that brought death into the world and all our woe;" as the sin vanishes, the woe will vanish too. God Himself is the ever-blessed God. He dwells in the light of joy as well as of purity; and instead of becoming more like Him as we become more miserable, and as all the brightness and glory of life are extinguished, we become more like God as our blessedness becomes more complete. The great Christian graces are radiant with happiness. Faith, hope, charity — there is no sadness in them; and if penitence makes the heart sad, penitence belongs to the sinner, not to the saint: as we become more saintly, we have less sin to sorrow over.

No, the religion of Christ is not a religion of sorrow. It consoles wretchedness, and brightens with a divine glory the lustre of every

inferior joy. It attracts to itself the broken-hearted, the lonely, the weary, the despairing; but it is to give them rest, comfort, and peace. It rekindles hope, it inspires strength, courage, and joy. It checks the merriment of the thoughtless, who have never considered the graver and more awful realities of man's life and destiny; but it is to lead them through transient sorrow to deeper and more perfect blessedness, even in this world, than they had ever felt before the sorrow came.

Take the representations of the Christian faith which are given in the New Testament, and you will see that, though it may be a religion for the sorrowful, it is not a sorrowful religion. To hearts oppressed with guilt it offers the pardon of God; to those who dread the divine displeasure it reveals God's infinite love; to those who are tormented with the consciousness of moral evil, and penetrated with shame and self-contempt by the habitual failure of every purpose and endeavor to live a pure and perfect life, it offers the inspiration of the

Holy Ghost. If, at the commencement of the Christian life, it relies on the purifying power of penitence, and if, to the very end, it encourages devout and reverential fear, it also teaches that the joy of God is our strength; and it is an apostolic precept that we should "rejoice evermore." As for the chief troubles which annoy and distress mankind, it possesses the only secret which can make them felt less keenly, and borne without that bitterness of spirit which poisons grief and transforms a calamity morally harmless into a curse and a sin. It tells the anxious to cast all their care upon God, and to "take no thought for the morrow;" the poor, that they may be heirs of a divine glory; those who have had heavy losses, of riches which never take to themselves wings, and treasures of which they can never be robbed: it tells those who have suffered from injustice and calumny, of a righteous Judge and an equitable judgment-seat; it reveals to the sick a life of immortal health; and to those whose hopes are wrecked in this

world, a world beyond death, in which they may have a career brighter and more triumphant than their happiest imaginations can conceive. Nor is it silent and helpless when those we love pass from us and are laid in the dust. It was not Christ who brought death into the world; nor by rejecting Christ can we or our friends become immortal. The brain burned with the fires of fever, the limbs were struck with paralysis, the harmonious movements of the heart were troubled with fatal disease, before Christ came; and these evils would continue in the world if all memory of the Christian faith perished. But to the dying, and those who mourn for the dead, Christ reveals glory and immortality as the certain destiny of all who love and fear God. It does not become a Christian to be "melancholy."

R. W. DALE.



CONSIDER it
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—
A gracious instrument, on whose fair strings

We learn those airs we shall be set to play
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
Man, of thy spirit move on it as the wind,
And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost :
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew, and soar.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her ;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad, —
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head ;
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede —
“ THY FATHER LOVES THEE.”

JEAN INGELOW.

NOW, by the verdure on thy thousand hills,
Belovéd England, doth the earth appear
Quite good enough for men to overbear
The will of God in, with rebellious wills !
We cannot say the morning sun fulfils
Ingloriously its course, nor that the clear,
Strong stars without significance insphere
Our habitation. We, meantime, our ills
Heap up against this good, and lift a cry
Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast,
As if ourselves were better certainly
Than what we come to. Maker and High Priest,
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply, —
Only to make me worthier of the least.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

I N no quarter upon earth can I read the
charter and title-deeds of happiness more
legibly written than in the words of "love,
joy, peace." What else can we desire? What
else do we pursue? In a million elements, va-
rying as our million characters; in youth and
age; in health and sickness; in nature and

art; in literature; in domestic duties; in philanthropy; in the many-friended house; in the house of a few earthly friends; where dispositions are simple and homely, where they are lofty and refined; in poverty and riches,—everywhere, everywhere, love, joy, and peace may be met and hailed.

Then why so many haggard faces, restless spirits, fermenting tempers, in the midst of what, in outward show, is almost unalloyed prosperity? Because love, joy, and peace are the fruits of the Spirit; and where the olive tree of the Spirit is not, there you will look in vain for the olive leaves and berries. No, "love, joy, and peace," to dwell with you, abide with you,—not for an hour or a day, but permanently,—are the fruits of the Spirit; and there is no use in diving into a sea, or climbing a mountain, to discover them elsewhere in our present inheritance.

SARAH TYTLER.

THE true and proper antagonist of the selfish feelings is not the social feelings, which are limited or confined within the range and application of social institutions, and which, at the ultimate, make but a republic of men, each watched by his fellow, but the religious feeling, which at once destroys our own individuality by making us a subject of the Most High, and subordinates our wishes and our interests to the revealed will and purpose of God. And not in proportion to the refinements of society is selfishness subdued, but in proportion to the progress of religion. And a country is civilized and happy according to the regard which it hath for the authority of God, not according to the subjection which it hath to the laws of men. The one eradicates, the other only opposes, — the one removes, the other only restrains, — the selfish and malignant passions of the heart. A man may be intensely selfish and malignant, yet a good subject and a reputable member of society. A man

cannot be a Christian in the least without being in the same degree delivered out of his own will into the will of God. And whatever of our own free will we surrender, is surrendered into the hands of One who is wiser to guide, and more able to promote. And if we surrender all our will and personal interests into His hand, then indeed we become a part of His family, His children, the brethren of Jesus Christ, His disciples and servants, and the active ministers of His Holy Spirit. We are nothing; He is everything. We love Him, and He loveth us, and He dwelleth with us; He in us, and we in Him.

Exactly in proportion as this lesson is learned and acted on, we get delivered out of the power of selfishness, with all its anxieties, cares, jealousies, and malignant actions, into the power of faith and trust, with all their fruits of peace, joy, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, patience, temperance; and being now in confidence and communion with the Father of spirits, whose sceptre is a sceptre of righteous-

ness, we are not afraid of what man can do against us, neither are we afraid that the power of the wicked can prevail against the progress of the truth. "For He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of his wrath He doth restrain." There ensueth a divine contentment with our lot, a resignation to the evil, a temperate enjoyment of the good, and a thankfulness for all. The limitations of our faculties give us no distress. We are as God made us, and we shall be answerable for that only which He hath given us. And the higher gifts and offices of another do not grieve us. "To his God he standeth or falleth," We rejoice in what is true, and worthy, and righteous, wherever it is found. Every device of goodness we promote and hasten forward; and we love those who love it, and we help those who strive for it. Truth and righteousness are to us the voice and footsteps of God, and we revere them for His sake who first manifested them in the person of His dear Son. And if we can promote good works in others, we

delight to do so ; and we delight to have good promoted by others in ourselves. We become absorbed in God's commonwealth : our citizenship is in heaven, and we do the works of our Father who is in heaven.

EDWARD IRVING.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue ;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied ;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

R. C. TRENCH.

SOME of the hidden or less notorious qualities of piety, which we are accustomed to overlook, are among the most important in their bearing on the mental faculties. One of these qualities might be termed *humanity*, the possession of humane sentiments, tenderness, generosity, disinterestedness. The apostle Peter refers to it when he enjoins on his disciples to be pitiful, to be courteous.

We too often see individuals who make loud and boastful professions of piety, who are, notwithstanding, hard-hearted; generous, possibly, in their conduct towards some persons, morose or neglectful in relation to others; earnest in their proffers of friendship, deficient in real kindness; liberal in their contributions towards the general spread of the gospel, but whose benevolence is not of good report in their own neighborhood. That tendency in our fallen nature which induces us to place reliance on a doctrinal creed, or on a zealous temperament, in the neglect of humane sentiments and

of a generous disposition, is the reason why the apostles so earnestly admonish their disciples on the subject.

Nearly allied to this disposition, and perhaps a result of it, is candor in judgment—a habit of putting a charitable construction upon the motives of our fellow-men; the absence of bigotry and exclusiveness; a resolute determination to judge of books, of systems of knowledge, and of men, with discriminating kindness. No one ought to be considered as eminently pious who is rash and overbearing in his moral or literary judgments. If his piety does not enter into and control these matters, it is one-sided and partial. We are not required, indeed, to remain ignorant of the deficiencies of our neighbors and friends; but we are required to throw the mantle of charity over their faults, and to maintain, in all our intercourse with them, the character of Christian gentlemen. Now, these illiberal judgments and uncourteous feelings are intimately connected with a narrow understanding and with

confined intellectual opinions. The natural tendency of enlarged views, and of extensive and patient reading is to break down the barriers of party, and of a selfish bigotry, while it refines and ennobles the soul.

Distinguished piety is conscientious. It implies an habitual performance of the smaller duties of life, a careful attention to the thousand minute occurrences of every day. It implies a wakeful moral sensibility, a delicate spiritual perception, an instinctive shrinking from the remotest contact with evil. Some individuals, who have been regarded as eminently pious, appear to have been very imperfectly controlled by their conscience. It took cognizance of the presumptuous sin. It laid its authority on the outbreking enormity. But it slept over unnumbered nameless delinquencies. It did not utter its warning in the incipient stages of transgression. In such cases the conscience is not enlightened by knowledge. It is in a state of comparative eclipse.

In forming an estimate of what constitutes

eminent piety, we sometimes err in not making sufficient allowance for diversities of natural character. We erect a standard, and determine that all men shall conform to it. We fabricate one suit of armor, and compel David and Saul alike to wear it. But there are innocent temperaments, diverse in different individuals, all of which we would extinguish. If we had our will, there would be one dull, tasteless uniformity in the character of our piety, eminent though it might be. But distinguished holiness is consistent with the countless varieties of innocent natural temperament. That development of thought and feeling which in one man would be at war with his religious consistency, would be perfectly in unison with it in another, because it would be in accordance with the man and his general spirit.

Richard Baxter somewhere remarks, that at one period he entertained doubts in relation to the experimental character of the piety of Sir Matthew Hale, inasmuch as the judge was inclined, in his almost daily conversation with

Baxter, to dwell upon abstract truth, or on speculative opinion, with scarcely an allusion to personal religious feeling. Baxter was subsequently convinced, however, that he had formed an erroneous judgment.

It would have been incongruous in Hale to have copied the ardent manner of Baxter. His unimpeachable integrity as a judge, his conscientious observance of the Sabbath day, were better proofs of eminent piety than any conversational powers could have been. Hale kept himself unspotted from the world in the court of Charles II. Could Baxter, or any other man, have done more?

B. B. EDWARDS.



FAITH, Hope, and Charity — these three ;
Yet is the greatest — Charity.
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;

And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name — for God is Love.

The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Unlimited by death or time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in one embrace.

MONTGOMERY.

A THOROUGH conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will

not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars? why this difference? why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others; not to ridicule their tastes; not to question and re-question their resolves; not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their

prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "Had you listened to me," "But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live, such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

In conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is, perhaps, a result of our whole being, rather than a part of our nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough. Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, moulding the one and expressing the other.

ARTHUR HELPS.

HOW are scores of well-meaning women, who in their hearts really like and respect one another; who, did trouble come to any one of them, would be ready with countless mutual kindnesses, small and great; and among whom the sudden advent of death would subdue every idle tongue to honest praise, and silence, at once and forever, every bitter word against the neighbor departed, — how are they to be taught to be every day as generous, considerate, liberal-minded, — in short, womanly, — as they would assuredly be in any exceptionable day of adversity? How are they to be made to feel the littleness, the ineffably pitiful littleness, of raking up and criticising every slight peculiarity of manner, habits, temper, character, word, action, motive, — household, children, servants, living, furniture, and dress, — thus constituting themselves the amateur rag-pickers, I was going to say scavengers, but they do *not* leave the streets clean — of all the blind alleys and foul by-ways of society; while the whole

world lies free and open before them, to do their work and choose their innocent pleasures therein — this busy, bright, beautiful world?

Such a revolution is, I doubt not, quite hopeless on this side Paradise. But every woman has it in her power personally to withstand the spread of this great plague of tongues, since it lies within her own volition what she will do with her own.

MRS. CRAIK.

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WORDS are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray ;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred ;
And the rose leaf that we tread on,
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning-flash, a Word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard :

Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like,
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears ;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear ;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred
(Never, never more to slumber)
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air ;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.

Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day ;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living :
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings ;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

A. A. PROCTER.

IF native kindness or Christian charity has taught men to think generously of the character of others, it is still possible for a miserable cynicism to find its prey in infirmities or imperfections which involve no guilt. This is a comparatively innocent amusement, but it betrays a certain intellectual vulgarity, and is morally mischievous, as all real vulgarity must

be. There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree, whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging. In the gun trade there are men whose occupation it is to *sight* the barrels, and detect any fault in the bore : it is said that a good eye will discover a deflection measuring less than a thousandth part of an inch. Not less keen in the detection of small flaws in every work of genius—poem, oration, building, statue, or painting—are certain critics, some of whom air their powers in drawing-rooms and at dinner-tables, and some of whom find their way, now and then, into print. Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness,"

he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz, and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."

Suppose that this habitual depreciation of character never sinks into actual falsehood and slander, and that every fault alleged, or hinted, or suspected, can be proved; suppose that this ignoble criticism is not ignorant blundering, and that every imagined imperfection is real, — is a carping, cynical temper, much less censurable, or are the words it prompts much less injurious? The influence of talk of this kind is gradually to lead people to believe that there is nothing in this world which it is safe to trust, honorable to love, or discriminating to admire. Reverence for saintly goodness vanishes, gratitude for kindness is chilled, and that enthusiastic admiration of great genius, which communicates to common men something of the strength, and inspires them with something

of the dignity, belonging to genius itself, is ignominiously quenched.

It is a Christian grace to have pleasant and affectionate thoughts about men, to rejoice in their excellences, and charitably to forget, as far as may be, their short-comings. It is the attribute of a pure and beautiful nature to have an eye quick to discern, and a warm heart to honor, all that is fair, and bright, and generous in human nature. The words which discourage the charity that "thinketh no evil," and give keenness, if not malignity, to the discovery of imperfection, are corrupt and unwholesome; they are not to be spoken by ourselves, and are not to be listened to when spoken by others.

Happy are the friends of those whose conversation "ministers grace to the hearers." It may not be always serious and grave, it may dance and sparkle like a mountain stream, but it is always pure and innocent; it may not be always soft and gentle, but when it is roughest it is as bracing as the north wind; it may not

be always very "instructive," but it is as healthy as the scent of the heather, bright and cheerful as the morning sun, musical as the songs of birds, and the rustling of pines, and the sound of running waters. And when it touches on the deeper subjects of human thought, it is as natural as a mother's talk to her child; every word is sweet, and honest, and true. Next to the interior consolation of the Holy Ghost, it is the best solace in times of trouble; and next to the words of Him who spake as never man spake, it is the most subtile and yet the most effective stimulus to well-doing. No measured eloquence from the pulpit, no elaborated pleading in a book, ever penetrates so deeply as the wise and earnest words of a living man, talking alone to the man he loves. Most of us need to be better and wiser than we are, to speak after this manner to the people about us; but we may all watch against "corrupt communications;" and when we cannot speak wholesome words, we may at least be silent.


R. W. DALE.

HE who desires to become a spiritual man must not be ever taking note of others, and, above all, of their sins, lest he fall into wrath and bitterness, and a judging spirit towards his neighbors. O children, this works such great mischief in a man's soul as it is miserable to think of; wherefore, as you love God, shun this evil temper, and turn your eyes full upon yourselves, and see if you cannot discover the same fault in yourselves, either in times past or nowadays. And if you find it, remember how that it is God's appointing that you should now behold this sin in another in order that you may be brought to acknowledge and repent of it; and amend your ways, and pray for your brother that God may grant him repentance and amendment, according to His divine will.

I tell thee, dear child, if thou couldst conquer thyself by long-suffering, and gentleness, and the pureness of thy heart, thou wouldst have vanquished all thine enemies. It would

be better for thee than if thou hadst won the hearts of all the world by thy writings and wisdom, and hadst miserably destroyed thine own soul by passing judgment on thy neighbors; for the Lord says, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

JOHN TAULER.



"NAY, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind;
For oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus a kinder plan;
For if but little good we know,
Let's speak of all the good we can.

"Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's fault efface.
How can it please our human pride
To prove humanity but base?

No, let it reach a higher mode,
A nobler estimate of man :
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

“Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others’ failings as your own.
If you’re the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known ;
For life is but a passing day ;
No lips can tell how brief the stay.
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we may.”

OH that I could speak aright of faith !
Oh that I could redeem it from that
paltry conceit into which our wretched evi-
dence-writers have reduced it ! Oh that I
could give you Paul’s idea of faith, the idea
of the Fathers, the idea of the Reformers !
Then would I show that career of the soul’s
faculties compared with which the highest
scientific research is as earth compared with

heaven ; for which poetry and philosophy are but, as it were, the sharpening of the tools, and which hath no kindred with any other of the soul's various occupations ; being the ingathering of all her powers, the husbandry of all her exertions, the resurrection of all her might, the enjoyment of all her delights in the study, and meditation, and appropriation, and application of all the divinest things which the Son of God was able to reveal for the exaltation of the being of man into the heavenly place of the divine nature. There should be no more debating or disputing about faith and works, if men did but know what faith was, to which outward works are like the lipping shore to the mighty ocean ; for as the ocean doth lie with her many arms and bays around the earth, and convey the blessings which are borne upon her breast, or brought forth in her hidden womb, to all those who people her manifold shores, so is faith like the great ocean of spiritual thought and feeling, which breedeth infinite good, and worketh with mighty motion

in itself, and beareth outward a plentiful tide of good and charitable works to all the people and places with which it hath intercourse in the communion and fellowship of human life. Works are but the hem of the garment of faith, which waves abroad to the liberal observation of men; but the soft and warm substance of the garment, which enwrappeth the tender frame of our own being, and protecteth it from inclement weather and rude wintry blasts,—that is faith.

The man of faith is a noble man and a gracious man, and a high-minded man, and a charitable man. Find him in a cottage or in a palace, in an occupation of honor or in an occupation of disgrace, a man he is to give the law to other men, and to sustain the highest men by his spotlessness, and the most learned by his wisdom. And they have even done exploits, and borne perils, and subdued obstinate resistances, and will do to the end of the world; for as the jewelled crown is among the ornaments of the head of men, so is faith among the ornaments of the mind of men; and

as a sceptre in the hand of kings is to the staff in the hands of other men, so is faith among the other powers and authorities of the immortal soul—the prince, the potentate, the ruling and presiding genius of the whole.

EDWARD IRVING.

WHEN the thought came of what St. Paul has said somewhere,—“Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,”—I thought what a weight of sin had to be lifted from the earth, and how blessed it might be. But what could I do for it? I could just begin with myself, and pray God for that inward light which is His Spirit, that so I might see Him in everything, and rejoice in everything as His gift, and then all things would be holy, for whatsoever is of faith must be the opposite of sin; and that was my part towards bearing the weight of sin—which, like myriads of grave-stones, was pressing the life out of us men—off the whole world. Faith in God is life and right-

eousness, — the faith that trusts so that it will obey, — none other. Lord, lift the people Thou hast made into holy obedience and thanksgiving, that they may be glad in this Thy world !

GEORGE MACDONALD.



THOU who didst hang upon a barren tree,
My God, for me ;
Though I till now be barren, now at length,
Lord, give me strength
To bring forth fruit to Thee.

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn,
Spitting and scorn,
Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now
Strengthen me Thou,
That better fruit be borne.

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots,
Vine of sweet fruits,
Thou Lily of the Vale, with fadeless leaf,
Of thousands Chief,
Feed Thou my feeble shoots.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

FROM the way some people speak of physical difficulties, you would think that they were not merely the inevitable, which they are, but the insurmountable, which they are not. That they are physical, and not spiritual, is not only a great consolation, but a strong argument for overcoming them ; for all that is physical is put, or is in the process of being put, under the feet of the spiritual. Do not mistake me. I do not say you can make yourself feel merry, or happy, when you are in a physical condition which is contrary to such mental condition. But you can withdraw from it—not all at once, but by practice and effort, you can learn to withdraw from it, refusing to allow your judgments and actions to be ruled by it. You can climb up out of the fogs, and sit quiet in the sunlight on the hill-side of faith. You cannot be merry down below in the fog, for there is the fog ; but you can, every now and then, fly with the dove-wings of the soul up into the clear, to remind yourself that all this

passes away, is but an accident, and that the sun shines always, although it may not at any given moment be shining on you. "What does that matter?" you will learn to say. "It is enough for me to know that the sun does shine, and that this is only a weary fog that is round about me for the moment. I shall come out into the light beyond presently." This is faith—faith in God, who is the Light, and is All in All. I believe that the most glorious instances of calmness in suffering are thus achieved; that the sufferers really do not suffer what one of us would if thrown into their physical condition without the refuge of their spiritual condition as well; for they have taken refuge in the inner chamber. Out of the spring of their life a power goes forth that quenches the flames of the furnace of their suffering, so far at least that it does not touch the deep life, cannot make them miserable, does not drive them from the possession of their soul in patience, which is the divine citadel of the suffering.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

NE'ER was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on Him had cast a load.

Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste :
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on, I'll take,
Calmly, gladly, for His sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

PAUL GERHARDT.

WHEN God comes to us wrapped and
wreathed in clouds and in storms, why
should we not recognize Him, and say, "I
know Thee, God, and I will not fear Thee.
Though Thou slay me, I will trust Thee"?

If a man could see his God in his troubles, and take sorrow to be the lore of inspiration, the light of interpretation, the sweet discipline of a bitter medicine that brings health, though the taste is not agreeable,—if one could so look upon his God,—how would sorrows make him strong!

No person is ordained until his sorrows put into his hands the power of comforting others. Did anybody but Paul ever think as Paul did? See what a genuine nobleness and benevolence there was in everything he did! Sorrow is apt to be very selfish; it is apt to be self-indulgent; but see how sorrow worked in the apostle! "Blessed be God," said he, "even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

Christian brethren, does God so comfort you that you are able to bear the yoke, and to

endure the piercing thorn? And when God enables you to bear it, is your first thought this—"I am now admitted into the sacred church of the sufferers; I am now marked with the cross, as one that bears for others; I am lifted up among my fellow-men, not to be praised, but that I may go about as my Master did, and minister to them the consolations by which I myself have been comforted"? Do not any of you say, "The cup is too large and too bitter." Never. The Hand that was pierced for you takes the cup, and gives it to you; and Christ loves you too much to give you a cup that you cannot drink. Do not say "The burden is too great; I cannot bear it." He that loves you as you do not even yourself love yourself,—the Redeemer, "the God of all comfort," the "Father of mercies,"—lays every burden on you; and He that lays the burden on will give you strength to bear it. Take up your cross. God gives everybody, I think, a cross, when he enters upon a Christian life. When it comes into his hands, what is

it? It is the rude oak, four-square, full of splinters and slivers, and rudely tacked together. And after forty years, I see some men carrying their cross just as rude as it was at first. Others, I perceive, begin to wind around about it faith, and hope, and patience; and, after a time, like Aaron's rod, it blossoms all over. And at last their cross has been so covered with holy affections, that it does not seem any more to be a cross. They carry it so easily, and are so much more strengthened than burdened by it, that men almost forget that it is a cross, by the triumph with which they carry it. Carry *your* cross in such a way that there shall be victory in it; and let every tear, as it drops from your eye, glance also, as the light strikes through it, with the consolations of the Holy Ghost.

H. W. BEECHER.

SO keen her loss, each lovely sight
Was wrapped in clouds of darkest night;
Her face was calm, her brow was pale,
Her drooping eyelids seemed a veil

To hide each fair and beauteous thing,
And over all a pall to fling.
She meekly bowed, each murmur stilled,
While peace divine her bosom filled.

Whene'er along the crowded street,
That calm, sweet face I chanced to meet,
And saw the patient, trustful look,
I read a page from God's own book ;
I learned how every loss may bring
A balm to heal each piercing sting,
How deep content from woe may spring,
How stricken souls may rise and sing.

She did not know her sightless face
Was lighted up with heavenly grace,
That benedictions seemed to rest
Where'er her faltering footsteps pressed ;
But when those eyes shall gain their sight,
In God's own home, where all is light,
She then will learn what blessings came
To souls unknown from all her pain.

C. A. MEANS.

JUST remember this, my friend, whenever you feel any tendency to a haughty spirit,— whenever you feel any disposition to talk big, and look big, and speak about your position and your influence, and what you are entitled to,— just remember this — that Christ thinks us all poor creatures, pitiable beings, beggars needing alms, fever-stricken patients needing the physician; helpless, hopeless, unworthy sinners, deserving of the deepest compassion because we are so devoid of help or hope. How humble we ought to be when we draw near to God; with how lowly a countenance ought we to address our fellow-men; how carefully we should avoid the least appearance of anything overbearing, or tyrannical, or haughty! The Bible tells us, as you all know, that pride is especially hateful to God. "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." "An high look and a proud heart," said the wisest of men, "is sin." And what wonder that it should be so? Is it not something

besides sin? is it not the most outrageous folly? A poor creature, the object of Christ's kind compassion, and fancying to himself how great, and influential, and dignified a person he is! Oh, my brother, let us be humble! Let us be clothed with humility. It is the right frame of spirit for beings such as you and me.

BOYD.

WITHOUT humility, a contrite heart and a prevailing prayer for pardon are impossible. Without humility, though we be scarlet with sin, we only "go about to establish our own righteousness, not submitting ourselves to the righteousness of God." We try to forget our real selves, by dwelling on the good but mistaken opinion which others may have formed of us. All is hollow beneath the surface of the character, but we hug the delusion that all is sound. We shrink from that sight of God, and of ourselves, from that simple acknowledgment of fact, which, when we

face it, must leave us in our shame, trembling indeed before the Infinite Purity, yet not without a hope and a remedy at the bar of Infinite Mercy. It is only when the proud heart is broken that a man casts himself at the feet of our crucified Saviour, to pray for the atoning stream of blood which may wash out his deep stains of guilt, and give him peace in giving him pardon. Without humility religious progress is impossible. Pride is the destruction of the principle of progress.

Without humility no soul that has turned to God, and is learning to serve Him, is for a moment safe. The whole life of the living soul is the work of divine grace; and while pride claims merit for self, and therefore goes before a fall, humility confesses day by day, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

H. P. LIDDON.

HUMBLE thyself, and God will lift thee up :
Those that exalt themselves He casteth down :
The hungry He invites with Him to sup,
And clothes the naked with His robe and crown.
Think not thou hast what thou from Him wouldst
have :
His labor's lost if thou thyself canst save.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which casteth all away by griping all ;
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

GEORGE HERBERT.

ABOVE the kingdom of law, which says
to a man merely, "Thou shalt not do
wrong ; and if thou dost thou shalt be pun-
ished," there is another kingdom, far deeper,
wider, nobler ; even the kingdom of grace,
which says to a man, not merely, "Do not do

wrong," but, "Do right;" and not only, "Do right for fear of being punished," but, "Do right because it is right; do right because thou hast grace in thy heart, even the grace of God, and the Spirit of God, which makes thee love what is right, and see how right it is, and how beautiful; so that thou must follow after the right, not from fear of punishment, but in spite of fear of punishment; follow after the right, not when it is safe only, but when it is dangerous; not when it is honorable only in the eyes of men, but when it is despised. If thou hast God's grace in thy heart, if thou lovest what is right with the true love, which is the Spirit of God, then thou wilt never stop to ask, 'Will it pay me to do right?' Thou wilt feel that the right thou *must* do, whether it pays thee or not; still loving the right, and cleaving steadfastly to the right, through disappointment, poverty, shame, trouble, death itself, if need be, if only thou canst keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man."

"But shall I have no reward," asks a man,

"for doing right? Am I to give up a hundred pleasant things for conscience' sake, and get nothing in return?" Yes, there is a reward for righteousness, even in this life. God repays those who make sacrifices for conscience' sake, I verily believe, in most cases a hundred-fold in this life. In this life it stands true, that he who loses his life shall save it; that he who goes through the world with a single eye to duty, without selfishness, without vanity, without ambition, careless whether he be laughed at, careless whether he be ill used, provided only his conscience acquits him, and God's approving smile is on him,—in this life it stands true that that man is the happiest man, after all; that that man is the most prosperous man, after all; that, like Christ when He was doing His Father's work, he has meat to eat and strengthen him in his life's journey which the world knows not of. But if not, if it seem good to God to let him taste the bitters, and not the sweets, of doing right, in this life; if it seem good to God that he should suffer—as

many a man, and woman too, has suffered for doing right—nothing but contempt, neglect, prison, and death, is he worse off than Jesus Christ, his Lord, was before him? Shall the disciple be above his Master? What if he have to drink of the cup of sorrow of which Christ drank, and be baptized with the baptism of martyrdom with which Christ was baptized? Where is he but where the Son of God has been already?

The statesman debating in parliament, the conqueror changing the fate of nations on bloody battle-fields,—these all do their work, and are needful, doubtless, in a sinful, piecemeal world like this. But there are those of whom the noisy world never hears; who have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from them; who enter into a higher glory than that of statesmen, or conquerors, or the successful and famous of the earth. Many a man—clergyman or layman—struggling in poverty and obscurity, with daily toil of body and mind, to make his fellow-creatures better and

happier ; many a poor woman, bearing children in pain and sorrow, and bringing them up with pain and sorrow, but in industry too, and piety, or submitting without complaint to a brutal husband, or sacrificing all her own hopes in life to feed and educate her brothers and sisters, or enduring for years the peevishness and troublesomeness of some relation, — all these (and the world which God sees is full of such, though the world which man sees takes no note of them) gentle souls, humble souls, uncomplaining souls, suffering souls, pious souls, — these are God's elect ; these are Christ's sheep ; these are the salt of the earth, who, by doing each their little duty, as unto God, not unto men, keep society from decaying more than do all the constitutions and acts of parliament which statesmen ever invented. These are they — though they little dream of any such honor — who copy the likeness of the old martyrs, who did well and suffered for it, and the likeness of Christ, of whom it was

said, "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the streets."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble, —
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning ;
Perish all that fears the light ;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight ;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion :
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion ;
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight :
Cease from man, and look above thee ;
“ Trust in God, and do the right.”

NORMAN MACLEOD.



DO not try only to abstain from sin, but strive, by God's grace, to gain the opposite grace. If thou wouldst save thyself from falling backward, thou wouldst throw thyself forward. If thou wouldst not slip back into sin, thou must stretch forward to Christ and

His holiness. It is a dull, heavy, dreary, miserable, toilsome way, just to avoid sin. It is to give up the miserable pleasure of sin, without receiving in return the heavenly pleasure of delight in God. It has nothing generous, nothing ennobling, nothing worthy of the price paid for us, nothing befitting what we have been made—the sons of God. Thou wouldst not simply not be impatient; thou wouldst long to be like thy Lord, who was meek and lowly of heart. Thou wouldst not only not openly murmur; thou wouldst surely long, like the beloved apostle, to rest on Jesus' breast, and will what He wills.

Observe, as well as thou canst, the very ways in which thou yieldest to the sin — thine anger, impatience, or whatever else it be. Observe the very acts or words thou most often usest in giving vent to it. Thou wilt find, very likely, that it is some one, or some few ways of acting or speaking, into which thou fallest again and again. If thou art on thy guard, thou wilt often be able to stop the usual vent of thy sin;

if thou stop this, thou wilt have gained time, by God's grace, to stop the sin too.

Fix, by God's help, not only to root out this sin, but to set thyself to gain, by that same help, the opposite grace. If thou art tempted to be angry, try hard, by God's grace, to be *very* meek ; if to be proud, seek to be *very* humble. In this way, God, seeing thy earnest wish to please Him, will help thee more ; and thou wilt be further from the borders of sin, and so in less peril.

It will help thee much in thy warfare, if thou first set before thy soul thy Lord, as He showed forth that grace which thou wouldst copy. If the grace be humility, think of Him washing the disciples' feet ; if meekness, think of His receiving the traitor's kiss, and how thou hast betrayed Him by thy sins ; if it be patience under injuries, behold Him standing meekly while they buffeted, reviled, mocked, spat on Him ; if it be love of thy brother who offends thee, think of Him stretching out His hands upon the cross, and embracing the whole

world, and thee too, with thy brother, in His love. There is no thought which has such power over the soul and over sin, as the thought of Jesus. Gaze on His meek countenance, His eye full of love resting on thee, the suffering of His brow pierced for thee, and so ask Him for His love's sake, that thou mayst love Him, and be less unlike Him.

As certainly as God is God, so certainly may ye have the victory if ye will. God has pledged to you His Almighty Word, as to your soul. Think not, "This is impossible, this is beyond me, I have always failed in this; this fault is become part of my nature; this ever surprises me. If I succeed for a while, it again overtakes me, it overpowers me, overwhelms me; I have no strength against it."

True, very true, if it were thyself alone. It is not thou who art to overcome the world, within thee or without thee, but thy faith, which is the gift of God, and the grace of God, and the power of Christ within thee. The strong man will not give way to *thee*,

but he will give way to the power of Christ. Thou mayst not see thy progress, nor, for a while, perhaps, may others see it; but strive on in humility, strive on as for thy life, and pray God that thou mayst strive on to the end, and thou canst not fail.

E. B. PUSEY.



HOLY JESUS, Fount of light!
As crystal clear, forever bright,
Thou stream o'erflowing, pure and free;
The brightness of the cherubim,
The glow of burning seraphim,
Are darkness when compared with Thee.
Be Thou my pattern bright,
My study and delight,
My All in All.
Oh, teach Thou me, that I may be
All pure and holy, like to Thee.

Humble Jesus, self-denying,
And with Thy Father's will complying,

Yea, even unto death resigned,
Let me, Thy humble path pursuing,
And pride and haughtiness subduing,
Be guided by Thy gentle mind.
May I be ever mild,
And humble as a child,
And docile too ;
Oh, teach Thou me, that I may be
Meek and obedient like Thee.

CRASELIUS.





CHRISTIAN EFFORT.



"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works,
and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATTHEW v. 16.





CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

FOR a man to be degraded, it is not necessary that he should have given himself up to low and mean practices. It is quite enough that he is living for purposes lower than those for which God intended him. He may be a man of unblemished reputation, and yet debased in the truest meaning of the word. We were sent into this world to love God and to love man, to do good, to fill up life with deeds of generosity and usefulness. And he that refuses to work out that high destiny is a degraded man. He may turn away revolted from everything that is gross. His sensuous indulgences may be all marked by refinement and taste. His house may be filled with

elegance. His library may be adorned with books. There may be the sounds in his mansion which can regale the ear, the delicacies which can stimulate the palate, and the forms of beauty which can please the eye. There may be nothing in his whole life to offend the most chastened and fastidious delicacy; and yet, if the history of all this be, powers frittered upon time which were meant for eternity, the man is degraded; if the spirit which was created to find its enjoyment in the love of God, has settled down satisfied with the love of the world, then just as surely as the sensualist of the parable, that man has turned aside from a celestial feast to prey on garbage.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

I DO not believe in the Christianity of him who would keep salvation to himself, who makes no effort to save others — those that are "ready to perish." The Christian's is another spirit than hers, yon proud beauty, who regards

every rival with a jealous eye,—than that of him, a mean, selfish worldling, who slaves and saves, not only that he may be rich, but richer than all his neighbors. Grace expands every heart it purifies, and makes it burn with such love to man, as well as to God, that a true Christian—if not almost willing to be accursed that others may be saved—wishes all were as holy, and pious, and happy as himself. He would not shine a lonely star, nor fill a solitary throne in heaven. He is like a man who, plunged into a boiling sea, has reached a rock. He exerts himself to save others drowning at his feet, and, hanging on with one hand, reaches down the other to pluck them from the devouring waves. Blessed be God! on our Rock, which is Christ, there is room for us, and room for others, and room for all. The cry rings out, "Yet there is room!" And since we have not one godless acquaintance, or neighbor, or friend, or member of our family, but needs to be saved, and may be saved, oh, with what divine wisdom, and love, and

patience should we labor to win them to Christ, and win for ourselves this starry crown. They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn *many* to righteousness as the stars forever and ever!

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

—•—

SOMETHING, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering ;
In Thy dear name some kindness done ;
To Thy dear love some wanderer won ;
Some trial meekly borne for Thee,
Dear Lord, for Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That to Thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice, —
Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
Uplifted faith unstained by fears,
Hailing each joy as light from Thee,
Dear Lord, from Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
For the great love that Thou hast given,
For the great hope of Thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
“ Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

WE are not a race of independent creatures, abandoned to live without contrö; we are not sent into the world to follow the dictates of our own will. We cannot commit a greater mistake than to suppose that we are in any sense *our own*; we belong to another: even our limbs and faculties do not so much belong to ourselves as we do to our Maker. To do His will, to conform to His pleasure, to keep His commandments, to fulfil His designs, to serve the end of His government, and to promote His glory,—these are the great ends of our existence; and to attain them ought to be

the fundamental law of our being: otherwise we live in vain — worse than in vain; and it would have been better for us never to have had an existence.

There is one great principle of a holy life which is one and the same in all who live as they ought, and that is, conforming ourselves to the will of God, complying with His plan, doing everything to please and glorify Him. Thus our Saviour Himself, when in this world, was devoted to His Father's will; this was His object constantly, even when observed by those around Him. It cannot be better exemplified than in that beautiful saying of His, when He was requested to take refreshment at the well of Jacob, "I have meat to eat that the world knoweth not of; my meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and finish His work:" and it is doing the will of God from the heart, which implies a careful attention to all the manifestations of it, and a reverential regard to all the discoveries of it, with a fixed and determined resolution to comply with it when-

ever and wherever it is known. This, as I said, is the end of our existence, the business of our life; and we live to no purpose, or to a bad one, but as we conform to it. But, although this is the universal principle by which all are to be actuated and guided, yet it admits of great and numerous variations in its practical application. The principle is the same; but when it comes to be acted upon by individuals, and embodied in the experience and conduct of men in the several conditions of life, it gives birth to an endless diversity. To do the will of God, and to promote His glory, is the proper object and end of all: but the manner in which an apostle, for instance, was called upon to do this, is not that in which an ordinary teacher is to do it; nor the manner of an ordinary teacher that of a private Christian. The duties of a sovereign are extremely different from those of his ministers and officers of state; and those again, from the duties of inferior magistrates; and of magistrates, from those of private subjects. Of the rich it is

required to do good, and to communicate, and to sustain the cause of God and truth in the world, to support public institutions of a charitable and beneficial nature, and freely to distribute of their abundance to the necessities of their fellow-creatures; of the poor, to be prudent, diligent, careful; and so on.

In the principles of human nature, and in the powers and faculties of our bodies and senses, there is a general agreement: yet no two individuals of the human race are alike; and the same variety exists in moral arrangements. In the elements which compose the principle of holiness, the essential ingredients are the same; but when they come to be applied and embodied in a right course of action, they often seem widely different. Although the end is the same in all, yet the manner in which this end is viewed will be various; the rays of light, when blended in day, are simple and of a uniform color; but when they are refracted through a prism, they exhibit all the colors of the rainbow. Such are the principles

of holiness, and their diversified action in individuals ; but it is doing the will of God in all ; this, this is the object, the grand vital principle, that animates good men in all ages, in all circumstances, of all classes and denominations. This is the true catholic spirit, which unites all the members of the true church ; and in proportion as men live well, and live for eternity, this is the ruling and governing principle — to glorify God.

ROBERT HALL.



IT is an easy thing to say,
“ Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord ; ”
And easy, in the bitter fray,
For His defence to draw the sword.

But when at His dear hands we seek
Some lofty trust for Him to keep,
To our ambition, vain and weak,
How strange His bidding, “ Feed my sheep ! ”

“Too mean a task for love,” we cry,
Remembering not, if in our pride
We pass His humble service by,
Our vows are by our deeds denied.

O Father ! help us to resign
Our hearts, our strength, our wills to Thee :
Then, even lowliest work of Thine,
Most noble, blest, and sweet will be.

H. M. KIMBALL.

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SPIRITUAL religion is at once the grandest and the simplest thing with which men have to do. It is at once the most arduous and the most easy of all their attainments. It is most arduous, because the man of highest faculty must stir up *all that is within him* in order to its achievement ; it is the most easy, because the man of simplest mind — following the same rule with regard to his own far poorer faculties — will certainly achieve it. The science of religion may be mastered, and the work of prac-

tical religion may be done, by any one who will put his heart to the science and his hand to the work. It is not so with the sciences and arts generally. There are continually men relinquishing studies, professions, works, for which they are found *not* suited. There are branches of philosophy of which some men never could be masters. They lack the faculty and the fitness. All their endeavors, however honestly and vigorously made, are but elongated drudgery. There are certain arts equally beyond some men's power of achievement. They lack the sentient faculty, and no amount of education or effort will supply it. Mental science! It is to some men a mere heap of puzzling terms and attributes. Moral philosophy! It is to some men one of the surest means of perplexing and bewildering the simple sense of right and wrong. Painting! That man's eye could never perceive the delicacies and shadings of color, still less, perhaps, could his hand lay them on the canvas. Music! There are some souls into

which its harmonies never seem to enter : they only make a noise outside ; as certainly there are fingers hard by nature, or stiffened with toil, which could never educe that harmony from the instruments. But in this, the finest of all the arts, the noblest of all the sciences, not one shall fail who honestly endeavors. Unlettered and unknown, poor and pressed down by toils and cares, a man may yet rear a structure which shall stand in strength and beauty through eternal ages. He could not carve a figure, or chisel a statue, but he can build a living temple. He could not paint a picture for his house, but he can hang the living virtues upon the inner walls of his soul. He could not number or name the powers of his own mind, but he can set them all upon their noblest objects. He is bewildered amid the distinctions of philosophy, but at home in the doctrines of God. He is lost, it may be, amid the ignoble throng, while the great ones of this world roll past him, bright in the splendors of an evanescent life ; but a great crowd

of celestial witnesses have him in survey, and there is a crown and a kingdom awaiting him above. Our God hides these things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes. *This* is the one thing necessary to success—the disposition and spirit of the little child. “Am I humble, teachable, very anxious to learn? Then I shall be taught of God, built up in spiritual goodness, and made a living and eternal monument to His praise.

We cannot be too thankful for this blessed and gracious certainty—the certainty that all earnest souls *must* prosper. God has so constructed the world, and He rules it so, that they *must*. He has so established His own kingdom here, with all its powers and helps, and dwells so in the heart by His Spirit, that they *must*. Not one faileth. Let a man say, anywhere in all the world, “I will arise and build,” laying the edifice of his life on the deep and broad foundation of God in Christ, and pursuing the work in humble dependence, and yet with a good courage,—that man is invincible,

and *his work* stands in the strength of God. There may be beating rains, and swelling floods, and wild blowing winds, — the work will go on through them all; the house, or rather the temple, will stand in spite of them all.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

BE sure no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill adapted, fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end. No creature works
So ill, observe, that therefore he's cashiered.
The honest, earnest man must stand and work;
The woman also; otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting serfdom. Free men freely work:
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

* * * * *

O cousin, let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume

To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin :
Who makes the head, content to miss the point ;
Who makes the point, agreed to leave the join ;
And if a man should cry, " I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.

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" We must be here to work ;
And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and so, work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did, first."

" But stand upon the earth,"
I said, " to raise them — (this is human too ;
There's nothing high which has not first been low ;
My humbleness, said One, has made me great) —
As God did, last."

" And work all silently,
And simply," he returned, " as God does all ;
Distort our nature never, for our work,
Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs ;
The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for men, — as God in Nazareth."

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THROUGH all God's kingdoms we trace variety, and still we find it when we rise to the minds of men. There is endless diversity in their nature, and for every form and style abundant use: and it is best when they are not transposed. Melancthon would have made a poor substitute for Luther; but the absence of Melancthon would have left it a poorer Reformation. Although Jeremy Taylor and John Bunyan had each a fine fancy, the world is now agreed that if they had changed places, they could have made it no better; we are quite content with the *Pilgrim* of the one and the *Golden Grove* of the other.

Sanguine and non-sympathetic natures insist that every one, if he likes, may do the things which they not only do, but do so easily. To a man like Lord Thurlow,—coarse, and contemptuous of mankind,—it must have been a simple amazement when his kinsman Cowper resigned the clerkship of the Lords, because he had not courage to read aloud minutes and

petitions ; but, although the brazen chancellor was a stranger to all trepidation, and it would have cost him no effort to read his own rhymes to the peers of Parnassus, it may be questioned if, even to secure the Great Seal, he could have written the "Task" or "John Gilpin." And although nothing can be more true than that talents increase by trading, it is also true that their right investment—the sort of trade best suited to each merchantman—is indicated by the natural turn or faculty ; and we shall serve God and our generation best by turning to account the gift which He Himself has given. You who are fond of children,—as most frank, true natures are,—give yourself to teaching ; and you who have a fervid, forceful spirit, and find that spirit stirred by the state of our godless multitude, go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. And you who cannot arrest or keep the children's ear, and to whom aught like preaching would be useless martyrdom, seek out some other ministry, consecrate the business talent, and in the

savings bank or provident fund, in the committee or council of the church, "rule with diligence," or go forth and visit. The tired watcher in the sick room release for a few hours of needful slumber. Take to the bed-ridden child some plaything, to the destitute family some comfort. And whether you offer the brief prayer, or read the words of Jesus to the invalid, "show mercy with cheerfulness;" try to do it as if you came and went in Christ's own company; and then, long after you have left, the consolation will remain.

It is thus that, by each following out his own line of things, the world's best work has been done; and in the free development and loving consecration of gifts the church has exhibited a diversity both useful and beautiful. It was thus that, wherever John MacDonald went in perambulating the Highlands, a wave of spiritual influence went with him; and it was thus that, like a Baptist and a beloved disciple combined, George Whitefield started and melted all England. It is thus that, in our own day, one

Christian lady has sought out the prisoner, and another has softened and civilized the neglected navvy, and a third has mended "ragged homes," and a fourth has invented the Bible and Domestic Mission, and a fifth has rallied to the task of nursing — so arduous, yet so angel-like — the refined and well-trained amongst her countrywomen. And it is thus that, in an employment however commonplace, and in a corner however inconspicuous, if you take up the task which your hand finds to do, and throw into it the might which God gives, the result will be genuine, solid, enduring. Let each do his own work in his own way, and, as all good work is God's, you will soon see it a more beautiful church and a better world.

We remember Dr. N. Murray, the famous "Kirwan" of America, mentioning that in his youth he met an old disciple, ninety-one years of age; and, in taking leave, the venerable pilgrim left with his young friend a charge, which he had never forgotten: "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, in all the ways

you can, and as long as you can." If that rule were carried out by each Christian, it would soon change the face of society. If you, who are the Christian member of the family, were setting a watch over your lips, and were in all things wise, gentle, obliging, self-denying, high-toned, few in the household could withstand the quiet, persistent sermon; and if the Christian households of the land were as peaceful as they are pure,—if the several inmates were fair-minded, kind-hearted, mutually helpful,—if, in the school, the market, the social gathering, the various members lived up to the level of their morning and evening worship,—there would soon be poor chance for the infidel; apologetics might become an obsolete science; with such a church in every house, the synagogue of Satan would disappear from the land.

JAMES HAMILTON.

CHRISTIAN, canst thou idly loiter,
Fold thine hands, and sit at ease?
While all round thee work is waiting,
Dost thou strive thyself to please?

Though the sun shines o'er thy pathway,
Many faint beneath the storm ;
Hast thou not some words of comfort,
Deeds of love for those who mourn?

Jesus sought the sad and burdened,
When from heaven to earth He came ;
Dost thou call *Him* Lord and Master?
Dost thou bear *His* holy name?

Then arise, and seek to follow
Where the voice of duty leads ;
Give thyself to works of mercy,
Loving thoughts and kindly deeds.

C. A. MEANS.

IT is one of the first principles of our religion,
one of the elementary truths of Christianity,
that "He who was rich for our sakes became
poor, that we through His poverty might be

made rich." "Let the same mind be in you." You who are possessed of property, devote *that* in the way it becomes the servants of so divine a Master. Consider the use *He* would have made of that portion of this world's good, which He declined as an example of patience and humility. Consider to what purpose *He* employed His heavenly powers; and to the same purpose employ your natural advantages and civil resources.

Never was any one so exalted as our Saviour, and never did any one make such a use of his exaltation. He shrouded it in the deep veil of humanity; he concealed it from the view of the world. None but the piercing eye of faith, illuminated by the Spirit of God, could behold it. The world knew Him not. *We* beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Do *you*, then, my brethren, employ your influence in that manner. Never make it the means of keeping at a distance from you the poor, the distressed, and the afflicted. "Mind not high

things, but condescend to men of low estate." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Do not dwell on the contemplation of your own greatness. Do not separate yourselves from your fellow-creatures. Do not suffer yourselves to be hedged in and fenced round from them by the riches of this world, but communicate them to others, and pray for the blessing of God upon the right use of them, that they may turn to incorruptible riches and righteousness; that these perishing riches and this evil mammon may not seduce you from the right way to the everlasting mansions. If you are not faithful over a little, how shall you be faithful over much? and if you are not faithful to that which is the property of God, who lends it to you for a time, but gives to none a discretionary use of it, how shall He give you "that crown of righteousness that fadeth not away," that glory which will be a part of your nature, which will satisfy your souls, and make you great, and happy, and blessed, to all eternity?

ROBERT HALL.

NOT only when in poverty
We sink beneath our load of care,
And drag the cross we cannot bear,
As did our Lord on Calvary,—

But when the stores of wealth are poured
Around us by Thy liberal grace,
Lest what Thou givest hide Thy face,
Oh, then, deliver us, good Lord!

E. C. PORTER.

LARGELY Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, "Freely give."
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live.

KEBLE.

ALL other vices," Dr. Luther says, "bring
their pleasures; but the wretched, avaricious
man is the slave of his goods, not

their master ; he enjoys neither this world nor the next. Here he has purgatory, and there hell ; while faith and content bring 'rest to the soul here, and afterwards bring the soul to heaven. For the avaricious lack what they have, as well as what they have not."

Gottfried and I want the children to learn early that pure joy of giving, and of doing kindnesses, which transmutes wealth from dust into true gold, and prevents these possessions, which are such good servants, from becoming our masters, and reducing us, as they seem to do so many wealthy people, into the mere slaves and hired guardians of *things*.

Is not gold what *we* make it? Dust in the miser's chests, canker in the proud man's heart ; but golden sunbeams, streams of blessing, earned by a child's labor and comforting a parent's heart, or lovingly poured from rich men's hands into poor men's homes.

MRS. CHARLES.

WHAT each one ought to give, or the manner in which he ought to give it, is for him to settle with the Lord; the gospel has not prescribed in such matters; it has been left with your charity. Justify this confidence. Raise yourself above cold custom, and make your account not with men but with Jesus Christ. Be not satisfied with the exclamation, "That is well done." Be filled with the thought that your fortune belongs to Him more than to you, and that you are appointed to administer it in His name. Remember the words of Christ: "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and give like a man who feels that even giving is a favor which God has accorded to him. Congratulate yourself upon living in a time when occasions for giving profitably are increasing. Blessed is he who can at the same time respond to the appeal of the age, to the appeal of mankind, to the appeal of the Lord, and to the appeal of his own heart, but of a heart animated by charity.

For you who are rich, this is a happiness exceeding all others. Learn then to enjoy your fortune. Understand why God has given it to you. Spend it for His glory as long as you live ; and forget not in your last will Him to whom you owe your temporal and eternal inheritance. Of what use are your riches, if you make them not the means of doing good, if you are not "rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate"? Then alone will you be happy in being rich, and the world happy in that you are so. Then this prosperity, which has destroyed so many others, will be for you a means of making your "calling and election sure." Then, in parting with your earthly treasures, you will remember with joy that you have sown in the field of the Lord, where you will reap many fold ; and, like the charitable man of whom we read, you may cause to be written on your tomb, "What I kept, I lost ; what I gave away, I retained."

ADOLPHE MONOD.

O H, if this living soul, that many a time
Above the low things of the earth doth climb,
Up to the mountain top of faith sublime,
If she could only stay
In that high place alway,
And hear, in reverence bowed,
God's voice behind the cloud ; —

Or if, descending to the earth again,
Its lesson in the heart might still remain ;
If we could keep the vision clear and plain,
Nor let one jot escape,
So that we still might shape
Our lives to deeds sublime
By that exalted time ; —

Ah ! what a world were ours to journey through !
What deeds of love and mercy we should do ;
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
That in our face would shine
The light of love divine,
Showing that we had stood
Upon the mount of God.

PHCEBE CARY.

"**A**M I to understand you, then, that intercourse with one's neighbors ought to take the place of meditation?"

"By no means; but ought to go side by side with it, if you would have at once a healthy mind to judge, and the means of either verifying your speculations or discovering their falsehood."

"But where am I to find such friends, besides yourself, with whom to hold spiritual communion?"

"It is the communion of spiritual deeds—deeds of justice, of mercy, of humility—the kind word, the cup of cold water, the visitation in sickness, the lending of money—not spiritual conference or talk, that I mean; the latter will come of itself where it is natural. You would soon find that it is not only to those whose spiritual windows are of the same shape as your own that you are neighbor. There is one poor man in my congregation who knows more—practically, I mean, too—of spiritu-

ality of mind than any of us. Perhaps you could not teach him much, but he could teach you. At all events, our neighbors are just those round about us; and the most ignorant man in a little place like Marshmallows, one like you, with leisure, ought to know and understand, and have some good influence upon: he is your brother, whom you are bound to care for and elevate, — I do not mean socially, but really, in himself, — if it be possible. You ought at least to get into some simple human relation with him, as you would with the youngest and most ignorant of your brothers and sisters, born of the same father and mother; approaching him, not with pompous lecturing or fault-finding, still less with that abomination called condescension, but with the humble service of the elder to the younger, in whatever he may be helped by you without injury to him. Never was there a more injurious mistake than that it is the business of the clergy only to have the care of souls."

"But that would be endless. It would leave me no time for myself."

“Would that be no time for yourself spent in leading a noble, Christian life ; in verifying the words of our Lord by doing them ; in building your house on the rock of action instead of the sands of theory ; in widening your own being by entering into the nature, thoughts, feelings, even fancies of those around you ? In such intercourse you would find health radiating into your own bosom ; healing sympathies springing up in the most barren acquaintance ; channels opened for the in-rush of truth into your own mind ; and opportunities afforded for the exercise of that self-discipline, the lack of which led to the failures which you now bemoan.

“Nothing, I repeat, so much as humble ministration to your neighbors, will help you to that perfect love of God which casteth out fear ; nothing but the love of God — that God revealed in Christ — will make you able to love your neighbor aright ; and the Spirit of God, which alone gives might for any good, will, by these loves, which are life, strengthen you at

last to believe in the light even in the midst of darkness ; to hold the resolution formed in health when sickness has altered the appearance of everything around you ; and to feel tenderly towards your fellow, even when you yourself are plunged in dejection or racked with pain."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Not name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone :
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise ;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

J. G. WHITTIER.



NO man liveth unto himself. Every man is living for others, always and everywhere. A good man, in active life and services, lives consciously and voluntarily for others. But in his most passive moods, in his most helpless times, in places most abstracted from public view, he is not living unto himself—*may* be living for others more powerfully than ever before. The God of our life not only protects that life through the whole course of its personal development, be that development in "height or depth," but often, unknown

to us, he fills it with unsuspected uses, and draws out of it powers and lessons for other lives and for after-ages. John Bunyan preaching and itinerating is manifestly one of God's "powers of the world to come" among men. But shut the door of Bedford jail on him, and (so his persecutors judge; so also his friends fear) he is no better than a dead man. Dead! It is then he begins to live; by his cheerful patience through twelve long years, to his people near; by his writings, to posterity and the world.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

THERE are many grounds on which men come to be remembered after the grave has closed upon their coffins, and their souls have returned to God. A great picture, a noble poem, a righteous law, — these have perpetuated through centuries the name of artist, poet, or statesman; but fame of this kind is beyond the reach of most men. I can tell you

of honors which shine with a still brighter and more enduring lustre, and which will lose none of their splendor when the art and literature of the world have perished, and when constitutions and laws, with the nations they blessed, shall have been dissolved forever. You may write your names on tablets more lasting than marble — on the grateful memory of human hearts, which shall bless you through eternity for the consolation you brought them, when, in their despair, they were ready to curse God and die; for the timely help which saved them not only from suffering, but from sin. It is "hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" but it is easy for him to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to provide instruction for the ignorant, to send the gospel to the homes and hearts of men. And by doing this he will become safe from the dangers which riches bring with them, for, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" his "secret" alms shall be "rewarded openly;" his "righteousness endureth forever."

R. W. DALE.

BE brave, my brother !
He whom thou servest slights
Not even His weakest one ;
No deed, though poor, shall be forgot,
However feebly done ;
The prayer, the wish, the thought,
The faintly-spoken word,
The plan that seemed to come to nought,
Each has its own reward.

Be brave, my brother !
Enlarge thy heart and soul ;
Spread out thy free, glad love ;
Encompass earth, embrace the sea,
As does the sky above ;
Let no man see thee stand
In slothful idleness,
As if there were no work for thee
In such a wilderness.

Be brave, my brother !
Stint not the liberal hand ;
Give in the joy of love :

So shall thy crown be bright, and great
Thy recompense above ;
Reward not like the deed,
That poor, weak deed of thine,
But like the God Himself who gives,
Eternal and divine.

H. BONAR.



CHRISTIAN earnestness is not mere vehemence and heat. It is essential that it be informed with full intelligence — “zeal according to knowledge.” The difference between fanaticism and zeal is chiefly a difference in knowledge. All beneficent energies are actuated by truth.

Christian earnestness is wise and thoughtful in the application of knowledge, in the judgment of persons, events, times, and seasons ; and while it seeks its ends with great steadiness, it does not rush on them blindly, at all risks.

Christian earnestness is very patient. While

working all its forces, it learns to wait. It suffers disappointment, and labors on. It sees the expected harvest fail, and begins to sow again. Jesus saw all men, His very disciples, go away from Him, and yet went up to Calvary to die. In one word, Christian earnestness is a reproduction in our hearts of the tender and undying compassion of the heart of Christ. It is Christ living on in us, and working on for man's salvation. He who objects to a full-hearted earnestness must object to Jesus Christ, and to the plan of redemption by Him, and to the lives of the apostles, and to the constancy of the martyrs, and to the songs of the angels, and to all the gladness and glory of heaven.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

THE woman singeth, at her spinning-wheel,
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarolle.
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax ; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel

With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church, that we may do
Our Father's business, in these temples murk,
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong ;
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.





THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.



"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."—PHIL. iv. 13.







THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

WE may be very weak, our talents very few, our opportunities seemingly still fewer; but our success does not depend upon our own force, or genius, or influence. It is God's blessing that gives the increase. Without it, the mighty demonstrations of Paul and the burning eloquence of Apollos would have been in vain. With it, the simplest child in the school of Christ can overturn citadels of error, and build up the waste places of many generations. Compared with each other, some men may appear great, and the rest small; but, compared with God, as He looks down from the height that knows no measure, and

compared with the immense difficulties in the way of His cause, all are worms of the dust, whose strength is that of the moth.

God does not need our strength to accomplish His purposes, though He is pleased graciously to employ us in His service. The united church could not, of itself, make a single blade of grass to grow, much less convert a single soul. Omnipotence is needed to do either, and omnipotence is His own, and was His own before ever a human heart beat, a human sinew was stretched, or a human mind thought. The strongest among us is utterly impotent for any good work; but the weakest among us is mighty, if he work with God. "Without me ye can do nothing," saith the Saviour. "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me," said His apostle. If we think to be efficient causes, of good ourselves, we shall be disappointed. If we are willing to be instruments in the hands of God, we can accomplish anything He pleases, for the power will be His, not ours. The weaker,

then, we feel ourselves to be, the better for our success, if we try to do good ; because God will put His strength in us only as we put reliance upon our own strength out of us.

G. W. BETHUNE.



WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn
to say,

Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Crookéd and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

O come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits ;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchéd roots.

My well is bitter : cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won ;
Withdrawn from thence, 'twas cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.

R. C. TRENCH.



WE want to have everything sealed and settled, and written down in unalterable decrees and irreversible title-deeds, forgetting that deeds and decrees are of value simply because the people who made them may die or

change; while the grand security of the gifts of God is, that it is God who gives them. The Giver lives forever, and is always at hand. I do not think He will give us any other security. I am sure we can have none so strong.

Unbelief, like Eve, craves a security independent of God. But independence of God is *death*; and faith, accepting the living God as the security of His own promises, finds in such dependence not only security, but *life*. Unbelief would have some sentence, some irrevocable decision, to build on. God gives us no such poor abstractions to rest on apart from Him. His promises are all personal, all made to present faith. He says, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" And if the cold heart, seeking security against itself, asks, "But can I pluck myself out of Thy hand? Can I ever forsake Thee? Though neither things present,

nor things to come, nor life, nor death, can separate, may not *sin*?" Still no answer comes but, "I love, I keep. *Abide in Me.*"

If we seek for one promise to *past* faith, for one word of encouragement to any except those who are turning to God, we may search the Bible through in vain. Turn to God, all is light. Turn from Him, all is shade—your own shadow. God gives no promises except to faith, and to faith *in exercise*.

But if the trembling, clinging heart, weeping over its own weakness, asks the same question, "Can I ever pluck myself from Thy hand? Can I ever forsake Thee?" it is still the same answer, but in a tone of tender pity, which changes it into the most enrapturing assurance,—"Abide in Me. I *love*, I *keep*."

To strong faith this is absolute assurance. To feeble faith no stronger assurance can be given. If all the ingenuity of all the divines in the world were taxed to find a formula stating in abstract terms the security of the believer, despondency would baffle them all, and be sure

to find some flaw to exclude itself. Therefore, I think, God takes another way, and draws the trembling, doubting, desponding heart, through the very destitution of security, to Himself; to the security which *is* safety, whether it is *felt* to be so or not, and which, when it is felt to be safety, is life and joy besides; to the fortress of the Father's house, to the sanctuary of the Father's heart.

And once *there*, what child would not smile at all the security of documents, — weeping on His bosom, "I would rather trust Thee."

God will not suffer us to rest on things, on words, on anything in our past, on anything even in His promises, *apart from Himself*.

Restoration to God is the very end and object for which we are redeemed. "Thou hast redeemed us *to God* by Thy blood." And God loves us too truly to suffer that anything shall be a substitute for living, loving communion with Himself.

MRS. CHARLES.

S AVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high,
The great, the atoning Sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

Be Thou my Guard on peril's brink ;
Be Thou my Guide through weal or woe ;
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go.

For what is earthly change or loss ?
Thy promises are still my own :
The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne.

M. G. T.

A NOTHER source of contentment, which
in youth's fierce self-dependence it would
be vain to look for, is the recognition of one's
own comparative unimportance and helplessness
in the scale of fate. We begin by thinking
we can do everything, and that everything

rests with us to do ; the merest trifle frets and disturbs us ; the restless heart wearies itself with anxieties over its own future, the tender one over the futures of those dear to it. Many a young face do I see wearing the indescribable *Martha* look, — "troubled about many things," — whom I would fain remind of the anecdote of the ambassador in China. To him, tossing, sleepless, on his bed, his old servant said, —

"Sir, may I put to you, and will you answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?"

"Of course."

"And will He not also do the same when you are gone out of it?"

"I know that."

"Then do you not think, sir, that He is able to govern it while you are in it?"

The ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.

Alas! it is the slowest and most painful

lesson that Faith has to learn. Faith, not indifference, to do steadfastly and patiently all that lies to her hand ; and there leave it, believing that the Almighty is able to govern His own world.

MRS. CRAIK.

PEACE, troubled soul ! Thou need'st not fear :
Thy great Protector still is near ;
He who has fed will feed thee still ;
Be calm, and sink into His will.
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all His children's needs supply.

Peace, doubting heart ! Distrust not God :
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon His staff and rod,
Still make His providence thy stay ;
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill ;
'Tis God who whispers, Peace, be still !

Hymns of the Ages.

EVERY highest human act is just a giving back to God of that which He first gave to us. "Thou, God, hast given me : here again is Thy gift. I send my spirit home." Every act of worship is a holding up to God of what God hath made us. "Here, Lord, look what I have got : feel with me in what Thou hast made me, in this Thy own bounty, my being. I am Thy child, and know not how to thank Thee, save by uplifting the heave-offering of the overflowing of Thy life, and calling aloud, 'It is Thine : it is mine. I am Thine, and therefore I am mine.'" The vast operations of the spiritual, as of the physical world, are simply a turning again to the source.

The last act of our Lord, in thus commending His spirit at the close of His life, was only a summing up of what He had been doing all His life. He had been offering this sacrifice, the sacrifice of Himself, all the years ; and in thus sacrificing He had lived the divine life. Every morning when He went out ere it was

day, every evening when He lingered on the night-lapt mountain after His friends were gone, He was offering Himself to His Father in the communion of loving words, of high thoughts, of speechless feelings; and, between, He turned to do the same thing in deed; namely, in loving word, in helping thought, in healing action towards His fellows; for the way to worship God while the daylight lasts is to work; the service of God, the only "divine service," is the helping of our fellows.

I do not seek to point out this commending of our spirits to the Father as a duty: that is to turn the highest privilege we possess into a burden grievous to be borne. But I want to show that it is the simplest, blesseddest thing in the human world.

For the human being may say thus with himself: "Am I going to sleep, to lose consciousness, to be helpless for a time, thoughtless, dead? Or, more awful consideration, in the dreams that may come, may I not be weak of will and scant of conscience? Father, into

Thy hands I commend my spirit. I give myself back to Thee. Take me, soothe me, refresh me, make me over again. Am I going out into the business and turmoil of the day, where so many temptations may come, to do less honorably, less faithfully, less kindly, less diligently, than the Ideal Man would have me do? Father, into Thy hands. Am I going to do a good deed? Then, of all times, Father, into Thy hands, lest the enemy should have me now. Am I going to do a hard duty, from which I would gladly be turned aside, to refuse a friend's request, to urge a neighbor's conscience? Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Am I in pain? Is illness coming upon me to shut out the glad visions of a healthy brain, and bring me such as are troubled and untrue? Take my spirit, Lord, and see, as Thou art wont, that it has no more to bear than it can bear. Am I going to die? Thou knowest, if only from the cry of Thy Son, how terrible that is; and if it comes not to me in so terrible a shape as that in which it came to Him, think how poor to bear I am

beside Him. I do not know what the struggle means; for, of the thousands who pass through it every day, not one enlightens his neighbor left behind; but shall I not long with agony for one breath of Thy air, and not receive it? Shall I not be torn asunder with dying? I will question no more. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. For it is Thy business, not mine. Thou wilt know every shade of my suffering. Thou wilt care for me with Thy perfect Fatherhood; for that makes my sonship, and inwraps and enfolds it. As a child, I could bear great pain when my father was leaning over me, or had his arm about me. How much nearer my soul cannot Thy hands come! yea, with a comfort, Father of me, that I have never yet even imagined; for how shall my imagination overtake Thy swift heart? I care not for the pain so long as my spirit is strong, and into Thy hands I commend that spirit. If Thy love, which is better than life, receive it, then surely Thy tenderness will make it great." Thus may the human being say with himself.

Think, brothers ! think, sisters ! we walk in the air of an eternal Fatherhood. Every uplifting of the heart is a looking up to the Father. Graciousness and truth are around, above, beneath us ; yea, *in* us. When we are least worthy, then, most tempted, hardest, unkindest, let us yet commend our spirits into His hands. Whither else dare we send them? How the earthly father would love a child who would creep into his room with angry, troubled face, and sit down at his feet, saying, when asked what he wanted, "I feel so naughty, papa, and I want to get good" ! Would he say to his child, "How dare you ! Go away, and be good, and then come to me"? And shall we dare to think God would send us away if we came thus, and would not be pleased that we came, even if we were as angry as Jonah? Would we not let all the tenderness of our nature flow forth upon such a child? And shall we dare to think, that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, God will not give us His own Spirit

when we come to ask Him? Will not some heavenly dew descend cool upon the hot anger? some genial rain-drop on the dry selfishness? some glance of sunlight on the cloudy hopelessness? Bread, at least, will be given, and not a stone; water, at least, will be sure, and not vinegar mingled with gall.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GOD, God!
With a child's voice I cry,
Weak, sad, confidingly,
God, God!

Thou knowest, eyelids raised not always up
Unto Thy love (as none of ours are), droop
As ours, o'er many a tear.
Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
Two little tears suffice to cover all.
Thou knowest, Thou, who art so prodigal
Of beauty, we are oft but stricken deer
Expiring in the woods, that care for none
Of those delightful flowers they die upon.

O blissful mouth which breathed the mournful
breath

We name our souls, self-spoilt! — by that strong
passion

Which paled Thee once with sighs, — by that strong
death

Which made Thee once unbreathing — from the
wrack

Themselves have called around them, call them
back,

Back to Thee in continuous aspiration!

For here, O Lord,

For here they travel vainly, — vainly pass

From city pavement to untrodden sward,

Where the lark finds her deep nest in the grass

Cold with the earth's last dew. Yea, very vain

The greatest speed of all these souls of men,

Unless they travel upward to the throne

Where sittest THOU, the satisfying ONE,

With help for sins and holy perfectings

For all requirements — while the archangel, raising

Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing,

Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

YOU see why Christ, the eternal Son of God, became incarnate — why God was manifest in the flesh. He saw that we were separated from one another by our sin — that each man was bearing his own burden, and staggering on to ruin beneath the load. He saw that we were all separated from Him, and that it was not competent for His omnipotence to render us help, unless it wrought by means of humiliation, and suffering, and death. Therefore "He made Himself of no reputation, took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." All this vast descent was accomplished in order that He might stand by our side, our almighty, loving Helper. And now we can lean on Him, "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and bear all our burdens, and yet walk with elastic step; and take His yoke upon us too, and find it to be easy; *His* burden, and prove it light.

You see, also, on what a broad foundation the promise rests: "He shall sustain you." Not to sustain a trusting soul, however burdened, would be to renounce His very incarnation, to deny a thousand promises, to mock men instead of saving them. "He shall sustain thee." No load can ever come that will be too heavy for His strength. There may be some awful straits even in your earthly life, of which you yourself know nothing as yet, coming on. It is not likely; but suppose the worst. Suppose adversities as wild as the wintriest of weather. Suppose sorrow far darker than the shortest winter day. Suppose temptation shaking the soul, as the wind shakes the trees or drives the waves before it. Suppose Death coming to you (as he will come in some way to us all), robed in his blackest garb, and casting out his terrors like hail. You will be sustained. The Lord will sustain you. He cannot forget the promise. He cannot forget one who carries it in his heart. He would let the rivers freeze in their fountains, and all the

flowers wither to their roots, and the light die out of every star, sooner than fail in the fulfilment of it. He shall sustain thee. His grace is sufficient for thee. Come, then, and cast your burden now on Him. Lo ! He waits with outstretched hand, with longing heart, to receive you to your rest. Listen how He pleads with the strange, tender pleading of sorrow and love, with a pleading which has won home many a wanderer, and which may win you now, at last, to Himself: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.



EARTHLY treasures, — fleeting, fading, —
They can never give thee peace ;
Thou wilt find in Jesus only
All thy restless yearnings cease.

Go to Him with all thy burdens,
Cast upon Him every care ;
He will heal thy bruised spirit,
He will hear each broken prayer.

Peace that floweth as a river
He can give thy fainting heart ;
Only *trust* His gracious promise,
Every cloud will then depart.

C. A. MEANS.



CHILDREN, if our souls have not been touched by God's finger, we have no right to lay the cause of it to the charge of the Eternal God, as men often do when they say, figuratively, "God does not touch me, nor move me, as He does such and such a one." This assertion is false. God touches, impels, and admonishes all men alike, and, so far as it rests with Him, will have all men to be saved ; but His touch, His admonitions, and His gifts find a different reception and response in different men. With many, when God comes to them with His touch and His gracious gifts, He finds the chambers of their soul occupied and defiled by other guests. So then, He must needs go His way, and cannot come in to us,

for we are loving and serving some one else. Therefore His gifts, which He offers without ceasing to every man, remain unaccepted. This is the cause of our eternal loss ; the guilt is ours, and not God's. How much useless trouble do we create for ourselves ! insomuch that we neither perceive our own condition nor God's presence, and thereby do ourselves an unspeakable and eternal mischief. Against this there is no better or surer remedy than an instant, resolute turning away of the thought, and hearty, fervent, continual prayer. Hereby we may obtain this steadfastness, together with a firm, and entire, and loving trust in the unfathomable mercy of God, in which lies all our salvation, and likewise a diligent and faithful watchfulness to keep our goings ever in accordance with the will of God, that all we do or abstain from, and all our affections, spiritual and natural, may remain at all times agreeable to the will of God.

JOHN TAULER.

ALONE? Thou need'st not be alone :
One Friend divine is ever nigh ;
He knows thy secret hopes and fears,
He listens to thy feeblest cry.

His words have mighty power to heal,
His voice invites to peace and rest ;
He longs to have His children lean
In loving faith upon His breast.

Confide in Him with all thine heart ;
Tell Him thy struggles day by day ;
Ask Him to grant thee needed strength,
And light to guide thee on thy way.

Fear not, though clouds and storms arise ;
Thy Father sends them all in love ;
He seeks to draw thy thoughts on high,
And points thee to thy home above.

C. A. MEANS.

WHEN two persons meet who are able
to recount similar necessities, what
mutual disclosures take place ! What trustful

communicativeness — what tender sympathy — is then manifest! Then one soul gushes out and flows over into the other, and time steals rapidly on. But on the other hand, towards one who knows not our needs by experience, we are dumb, reserved, and take no pleasure in communicating, because we fear that he will be able neither to understand nor sympathize with us. So, indeed, would we have kept farther away from our heavenly Friend, had He not become our Companion in tribulation. But now the thought is exceedingly refreshing, that He Himself was tempted in all points like as we are, and knows the bitterest anguish of our soul from His own experience. Now, even though no fellow-man understands us, ah! still we know there is yet *one* Friend at hand, to whom we need but lisp a word of our affairs and concerns, and He at once comprehends all we feel. His experience reaches down into the thickest nights of the soul — into the most frightful depths of inward sufferings or conflicts.

Under no juniper tree canst thou sit which has not overshadowed Him; no thorn can wound thee from which His heart has not bled; no fiery dart can hit thee which has not been shot at His sacred head. He can indeed have compassion.

F. W. KRUMMACHER.



HAVE ye become children in Christ Jesus? Prove that this holy hope dwells in your hearts, even a hope which can look out upon the whole path before you with the fullest composure and trust — even to the latest end. Yet further, let me ask, is your hope in like manner as your faith, and your love a *glorified* hope? Can ye tell on what foundation it rests? I am not speaking of that unconcerned carelessness, with which a trifling spirit glances into the future. Christians are not men who do not *care*, but men who *cast their care upon the Lord*. Christians are not men who see no thorns upon the track of life. Oh, no; they

are men who perhaps see far more thorns than all others do; but they are men who know from their own experience, that where Christ's grace is granted, all thorns at last swell and burst open into roses. In short, Christians are men who believe in the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Observe here the foundation of the Christian hope. He who spared not His own Son for our sakes must be cherishing kind intentions towards us; and, if a man would tread his path in hope, he can properly require for this nothing more than the hearty, well-grounded conviction, "God means well with me. God has thoughts of peace towards me."

THOLUCK.

O LORD, how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest, —
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast!

The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

I do not fear the wilderness,
Where Thou hast been before ;
Nay, rather would I daily press
After Thee, near Thee, more !
Thou art my strength ; on Thee I lean ;
My heart Thou makest sing ;
And to Thy pastures green, at length,
Thy chosen flock will bring.

DRESSLER.



I LOVE, with all the strength of my soul,
this Bible, that it is so unfashionable to be
acquainted with. Did I not love it, there
would be no words to qualify my insensibility ;
were I to hesitate to declare my love, my
mean cowardice would exceed my ingratitude.
When, happy, I grasp the book that God has
given me, my happiness is not disturbed

thereby; rather my joys are intensified by finding these limitless horizons. If unhappy, teased by cares, shaken in my faith, rebellious, famishing for truth, oh, how well it comforts me, this word of my God! It is pure as rock crystal, more radiant than the sun, and it is human as well. It opens the heaven of heavens, and it comes down to illuminate the most obscure corners of the poorest lives. It issues from the heart of God, and it makes itself a home in my heart, such as it is. It conveys the thoughts of God, and speaks to me mouth to mouth. I come to it all bruised and bleeding. I have been repulsed. The best have hurt me by their touch. Sometimes they are severe, and exact too much; sometimes they weakly leave me to sink in my languor. Not so the Bible. It has savor that refreshes me, gentleness that soothes my sorrows. It rekindles the little faith about to die. It is an earnest of God's faithfulness, a witness of His love for me. Through it I know that Jesus wept. It assures me that I am His, and that

He is mine. It is the voice, the very voice, of my heavenly Father. No other has ever spoken to me as it has done.

I believe in the power of prayer. I believe that God takes an interest in the small affairs of the small creatures that He has placed upon this globe. I have a conviction that each murmur of our trembling voices, sometimes stifled with tears, is distinguished by God amidst the harmonies, perhaps the sobs, of the universe. I believe that when it is good for us, God grants our petitions.

You wish to know how I reconcile the partial accident of the realization of our prayers with the immutable order of God's decrees? I do not reconcile it.

I live upon a grain of dust; God reigns in Heaven. I can hardly distinguish one atom from another; God embraces the immensity of past, present, future. Now, this God has said to me, "Ask all; I will give all." I hear, and I obey.

If you press me hard, I shall venture to

remind you of the divine prescience, which knew the prayers I should one day utter before I myself had seen the light. That which God has known beforehand, He may have heeded beforehand.

Jesus has commanded me to open my heart and to stretch out my hands. It is enough for me to do as Jesus tells me. The apostles implored from God the recovery of a friend. When they were in prison, they asked to get out of it. When they were persecuted, beaten, they cried to Him for help; and yet they were well aware that afflictions await us; that our sorrows enter into the divine plan; but submissive and persevering at the same time, they prayed to God to deliver them, and God did deliver.

I speak to this God at every hour of the day. That command, "Pray without ceasing," which scares so many people, constitutes my safety and makes my happiness. It is not enough for me to think about God; my soul must pour itself out before Him.

When you have some beloved being beside you, does it suffice you to think of him? Not to speak to him, — why, would not that be a torture? Every time an idea occurs to you, a feeling overflows, you speak. Ah, if the fear of wearying did not restrain us, how far more freely would our heart give itself expression!

One can never weary God. What is it I say to Him? What does one say to one's father, and to one's mother? What does one not say? Is any eloquence required? All fear over, embarrassment gone, the lips move as the heart prompts, and the mother is satisfied, the father rejoices.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.



I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again.
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin, and pain, and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Hymus of the Spirit.

PRAYER is an act of *friendship* also. It is intercourse — an act of trust, of hope, of love, all prompting to interchange between the soul and an Infinite, Spiritual, Invisible Friend. We all need prayer, if for no other purpose, for this which we so aptly call *communion* with God.

Robert Burns lamented that he could not "pour out his inmost soul without reserve to any human being, without danger of one day repenting his confidence." He commenced a journal of his own mental history, "as a substitute," he said, "for a confidential friend." He would have something "which he could record *himself* in," without peril of having his

confidence betrayed. We all need prayer as a means of such intercourse with a Friend who will be true to us.

Zinzendorf, when a boy, used to write little notes to the Saviour, and throw them out of the window, hoping that He would find them. Later in life, so strong was his faith in the friendship of Christ, and in his own need of that friendship as a daily solace, that once, when travelling, he sent back his companion, that he might converse more freely with the Lord, with whom he spoke audibly.

So do we all need friendly converse with Him whom our souls love. "He alone is a thousand companions; He alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God, who complains of the want of friends while God is with him."

AUSTIN PHELPS.

CONSTANCY in prayer implies the habit of ejaculation. And what is ejaculatory prayer? A short, sudden, reverent address to

God; a devotional parenthesis. It is the prayer of emergencies, the prayer for vacant moments in hourly occupations, the prayer for all times and all events. It differs from the prayer of stated seasons in its brevity, and in being very much unpremeditated. It is that instant darting of the soul upward to the mercy-seat which indicates what its tendency is.

President Edwards, speaking of one period of his life, says, "I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent." Yet he was an indefatigable student at the time referred to, and neglected none of the common duties of life. No interference with such duties need be apprehended from this quarter; the plough, the plane, the needle, need not stop for it. The salesman's success will not be hindered; the accountant's accuracy will not suffer. The harvest-men of Boaz did not reap any the less for saying, "The Lord bless thee," nor the sword and trowel of Nehe-

miah's workmen move any the slower for the prayers they were sending up. The door to the palace of the Great King is hard by, and ever open ; it does not take even a moment to step into His presence. These quick embassies to Heaven meet with no delay. In his picture of a true Christian, Clement of Alexandria remarks, "In every place will he pray, though not openly, to be seen of men. Even when he is walking for pleasure, even when he is in converse with other men, in stillness, in reading, and when he is engaged in reasonable business, he prays by all means. And even also if he only think on God in the chamber of the soul, and with silent sighing calls upon his Father, he will be near Him and with Him, for he is still speaking to Him."

A. C. THOMPSON.

FATHER, my all in all Thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The balm to heal my broken heart ;
In storms my peace, in loss my gain ;

My joy beneath the worldling's frown ;
In shame my glory and my crown ; —

In want my plentiful supply ;
In weakness my almighty power ;
In bonds my perfect liberty ;
My refuge in temptation's hour ;
My comfort 'midst all grief and pain ;
My life in death, my endless gain.

C. WESLEY.

WE are on the homeward way together, and no doubt there is thus great mutual help ; but there is mutual hinderance as well. One often casts a shadow on the path of another. He looks with a clouded brow, with mistrustful eye. He speaks in a hesitating tone. He seems to see nothing but the wrong things, and the weaknesses ; the right and the growing strength are within, and are seen only by Him who looks from above. It is not only that the wrong things are seen, but often the right is called the wrong, and treated so. The

signs of purity are interpreted as signs of guilt; diffidence is confounded with pusillanimity, self-distrust with unfaithfulness; a zealous energy is sneered at as officiousness; openness of action is called ostentation: there is no end of the misjudgments which are common now among men, and even among Christians. We are in mutual disguise, and we have the mutual discomforts of being unknown to each other. All this is trying enough; but at least it should enhance and endear to us the truth we are now enforcing—that God alone can meet our nobleness. How precious the privilege of being able to turn to *Him* when we can turn to no one else! *He* knows. He makes no mistakes. He sees, not the sin alone, but also the hatred of it; not weakness alone, but also the inward strength which will outlive that weakness. He sees the faltering nerve, but He sees also the unfaltering purpose. He sees the law in the members, but also the holier and stronger law of the mind. He sees that evil is often present with us, and yet that we *would*

do good all the while. He sees that we are carnal, sold under sin ; He sees, far more, that we are spiritual, redeemed under grace. He knows that the flesh is weak ; He knows also that the spirit is willing. He hears the cry, from many a struggling soul, "Oh, wretched man that I am !" but while others, who may hear it also, only echo back the cry, and say, "Oh, wretched indeed !" He gives it far different interpretation. To Him it is the cry of struggling nobleness, of purity out of sin. He meets that cry with all His sympathy, and will finally grant the deliverance that is desired. He will smite the sin and nourish the virtue ; He will take away the wretchedness and raise *the man*. Turn, then, to Him with all your unsuspected desires, with all your unappreciated purposes, with the actions that are misjudged, with the life which no one knows. Flee from father and mother, from brother and sister, to Him. From thine own self escape, and flee to Him. You will come out of the chill which unmerited suspicion may have cast around

you; out of the shadow of your own fears,
and your soul will recover itself in this, as in
other things, by making that last and highest
appeal, "*Whom* have I in heaven but Thee?
and on earth there is none whom I desire be-
sides Thee."

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.



STILL evermore for some great strength we pray,
Seeking and yearning for it day by day —
A strength whereon undoubting we may lean,
And find that rest we have but dimly seen.

To lean our heart upon another heart,
In love that neither life nor death can part;
So seek we still to end our life-long quest,
For only in true love we find true rest —

That love which makes another's life our own,
And tunes our jarring natures to one tone;
The filling up of all we sought so long;
For leaning on itself no strength is strong.

No love is perfect here : it leads us on
To love's great Source — the uncreated One :

Most true is that through which we learn to see
Most of Thy strength, and most, O Lord, of Thee ; —

Which sees, in all its happiness and bliss,
The promise of a joy more great than this ;
Which seeks its perfectness forevermore
In the love-light that gilds the happy shore.

O strength ! O love and rest ! the light that steals
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields !
Faint rays we catch e'en now, upon our way,
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.

Thou art the Light, the sunshine is from Thee,
And in Thy heart is strength and purity ;
There lean our weary hearts, there ends our quest,
For there is perfect love and perfect rest.

L. R.

WE should seek a friend in Jesus Christ—
the best, truest, kindest, surest Friend
man ever had. Ever living, ever loving, and
everlasting, there is no father like our Father
who is in heaven ; and as there is no father-
hood like God's, there is no friendship like

Christ's — to be once named with His, who, dying for us, the just for the unjust, laid down His life, not for friends, but enemies. Other friends change; not He. Of them we may, and often do, expect too much; nor will friendship be long maintained between us, unless we lay our account with sooner or later discovering, and bearing with, their faults. But Jesus is faultless, altogether lovely — a friend on whose favor we cannot reckon, and from whose kindness we cannot expect, too much. With a wider and far deeper meaning than the world attaches to the expression, in Him we have "a friend at court," whose intercessions for us are addressed to a gracious ear and a loving heart. In the presence of his Father, and amid the glories of the upper sanctuary, at the eternal source of all love, and blessing, and power, where pardons are granted to save, and grace is bestowed to sanctify, and angels wait to welcome, and mansions stand ready to receive us, He pleads our cause at God's right hand, omnipotent to save.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

HE that grows in grace grows in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, becomes more acquainted with His character and work, more grateful for every instruction in these great subjects, and for every opportunity to meditate upon them. This is the great principle of the Christian's preparation for glory. He derives his comfort and peace more abundantly and directly from Christ. He becomes actually more conformed to Him in mind and character. He desires to see Him, and to serve Him more simply and completely. He strives to be increasingly in the custom of consulting Him, following Him, and depending upon Him. In his habitual experience, Christ becomes more really *all* to him; and his affections, his conscience, and his understanding, are all occupied in the effort to embrace and hold fast that blessed hope which has thus been given him in his Divine Redeemer and Lord. This constitutes an increasing preparation for that state in which to

be with Christ is to be, and to have, forever, all that the soul can desire or need. The very simplicity which marks the commands and the promises of the gospel, thus marks also the character of those whom the Saviour blesses and receives. The nearer they approach Him, this simplicity of character marks them more completely. They gain more of that child-like spirit which lives, and loves to live, alone upon Him. And as each earthly idol is successively removed, and the cares of earth become less engrossing and distracting, and the heart is made more ready to be satisfied with Christ alone, as all its salvation and all its desire, the river is drawing nearer to the ocean, into which it will pour at last its cheerful current; the soul is becoming riper and readier for a happy eternity; and the Christian becomes more able, intelligently and affectionately, to say, "To depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

I would urge my readers to estimate properly this important subject, and strive by all

means, and constantly, to have the Saviour exalted in their minds, as Himself the rock of their salvation and the crown of their hope. There is much in our own self-righteous spirits, and much in the state of the world around us, to lead us off from this. The arts of the enemy are constantly directed here, to separate us from personal approach to the Saviour, and to unsettle our confidence in Him. By every distracting allurements or care which he can employ, he will try to call off our minds from a constant waiting upon Christ. Be watchful and anxious, my friends, upon this subject. Be not satisfied with any aspect of apparent religion within you, or around you, which does not lead you to look off from everything besides, and, with more constant and complete dependence, to find your all in Jesus Christ the Lord; to seek Him in prayer, to depend upon Him in love, and to rejoice in Him with hope.

S. H. TYNG.

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender lore ;
Not a throb nor throe our hearts can know
But He suffered before.

There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing far away :
Never out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus :
Ah, how sweet its chime !
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring
In the summer time.

Oh, might we listen that voice of Jesus,
Oh, might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest in peace on His breast,
In the heavenly home !

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

THE Father has given to us the Son as our example. "He took upon Him the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man." "He was made under the law." Yet He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. In all the various trials of a most persecuted and tempted life, He was ever the same spotless Redeemer, victorious over every spiritual enemy. Thus was there exhibited to us an illustration of what the law of God requires of each of us; thus are we taught the manner in which we should live so as to please our Father who is in heaven. The temper of filial obedience would then lead us to strive with our whole spiritual might to copy the example which Christ has set before us; to love the world as He loved it; to be crucified to it as He was crucified to it; and, under all the circumstances of a human probation, to esteem it our meat and drink to do the will of our Father who is in heaven.

While we are maintaining this conflict with

all the powers of evil, and fighting the fight of faith, it is by the aid of Christ alone that we can come off conquerors. He has promised, if we do His will, to dwell with us and to be in us. He is not only the way, and the truth, but the life, the source, and sustainer of life, to every true believer. Faith would then teach us, renouncing all dependence upon ourselves, to rely wholly for spiritual strength on the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Thus the apostle declared, "When I am weak, then am I strong; I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And thus every believer knows that he has power to overcome his spiritual enemies, only as, in deep self-distrust, he learns to confide in the aid bestowed upon him by the Captain of his salvation.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do ;
On Thee, almighty to create !
Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY.



WITHIN the kingdom of the Incarnation, the true law of man's life is no longer an ideal which eludes and disheartens us. It may be realized. That His creatures might no longer shrink from Him in their weakness and pollution; that He might be their strong God in a deeper sense than He could be the strength of David; that Christians might fold Him to their inmost souls with a wondering yet triumphant sense of possession, with a trembling, yet endearing intimacy of touch, which else had been inconceivable,—the Incomprehensible has submitted to bonds, the Eternal has entered into conditions of time, the Most Holy has been a Victim for sin. This is the central, the essential, the imperishable faith of Christendom. It

makes God the God of those who cling to Him in strong and simple confidence, after a manner and measure which they only can know who have the happiness to do so. For them the past is pardoned through the atoning blood. For them the problem of life is simple. The sky above their heads may be overclouded by a passing difficulty, but they have within themselves Him whose very dwelling-place is hidden from other men. Through the Spirit and the Sacraments they lay true hold upon that Sacred Humanity in which dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christ in them is the hope of glory. Their thoughts, their affections, their resolves, are gradually interpenetrated by the intellect, and heart, and will of the Son of Man. They live, yet not they, but Christ liveth in them. He is at once their philosophy, and their robe of righteousness, and the internal principle of their progressive sanctification. They are made to sit with Him together in heavenly places; they live beneath His smile, and partake of His bounty; and

they know that, if they be only true to Him, He will not leave them, and that in the land which lies beyond that horizon of time on which the strained eye of their souls rests with eager hope, they will be His, and He will be theirs, yet more intimately, and that forever.

H. P. LIDDON.



STRONG Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove !

.

Thou seemest human and divine ;
The highest, holiest manhood Thou ;
Our wills are ours, — we know not how, —
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

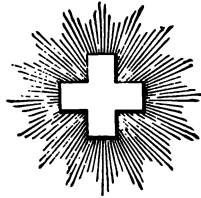
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O Living Will, that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual Rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure, —

That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto Him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years,
To One that with us works, and trust, —

With faith that comes of self-control, —
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

TENNYSON.









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